

FACE/OFF

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FACE/OFF

FADE INTO:

1 SÉPIA-TONE FOOTAGE

1

of a pig chasing a lion chasing a dinosaur chasing an elephant. Noah's ark going round... and round... and round...

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK CAROUSEL - DAY

Disjointed CALLIOPE MUSIC as the wheel of fate and fortune goes around until we PULL BACK to reveal:

JON ARCHER (30) riding winged Pegasus. On the adjacent unicorn is his son MATTHEW (5). Clutching a balloon, Matty waves at his dad. A happy moment, like so many certain to follow -- until we realize we are watching them THROUGH...

2 SNIPER'S RIFLE SCOPE - SNIPER'S AMBER EYES

2

wait until the child clears his aim -- Archer is the target. They round the bend and disappear...

3 MATTHEW

3

loses his balloon. He tries to grab the string as it floats away... but the boy slips. Archer reaches over and grasps his son... pulling him into his lap.

BANG! Archer looks up -- the balloon just popped. As the horses sweep back INTO VIEW... exposing Archer...

Now we see the sniper. CASTOR TROY is cool, efficient, aggressive, sexual. His finger closes around the trigger.

BOOM! A BULLET RIPS into Archer's back. Bleeding... he drops off his horse... and sinks to the deck of the carousel. His eyes desperately searching... searching... searching... until he sees --

Matthew lies on his back -- still. Slowly, Archer reaches out and takes Matthew's hand... and now we see color for the first time...

Blood red... as bleeding father and bleeding son touch...

TILT UP TO the winged Pegasus flying by -- now in full color.

HANDEL'S MESSIAH OVER a SERIES OF SHOTS:

- 4 FBI BRIEFING ROOM 4
Gazing out the window at the city below is Jon Archer... older... unshaven... fatigued... but his blue eyes reveal a man in the grip of obsession.
- 5 CAROUSEL HORSE 5
sweeps by, as if marking time itself...
- 6 HOLY PLACE 6
Smoky, spiritual... dominated by a gleaming, golden cross. A priest kneels before it -- deep in prayer. The glimmering cross comes INTO FOCUS... but it's just a light-reflection... off the casing of a bomb. This is no chapel... but an electrical basement. Somewhere.
And as the "priest" rubs out his cigarette we see it's Castor Troy -- carefully installing this complex device.
- 7 ANOTHER CAROUSEL HORSE 7
sweeps by...
- 8 ARCHER 8
pockets his FBI badge, then holsters his gun...
- 9 CASTOR 9
sets the bomb timer -- then replaces a wall panel in front of it. Totally hidden.
- 10 BRIEFING ROOM - CASTOR'S MUGSHOT 10
is on a computer screen. His criminal dossier scrolls by endlessly: bombings, assassinations, mercenary kidnappings, terrorism-for-hire...
Rookie agent LOOMIS studies the details carefully. Other agents -- including BUZZ and WANDA scan computer grid-maps, man phones, etc. amidst the take-out cartons and coffee cups. These people are on high alert.

ARCHER

Any follow-up from the S.I.S. or
L.A.P.D. Intelligence?

(CONTINUED)

BUZZ

No, sir, nothing yet.

ARCHER

Call them! Keep calling them.
What about our airport and bus
terminal teams?

WANDA

Commander, we've had everything
from psychics to satellites on
this. Even if Castor was here...
he must have slipped the net by
now...

ARCHER

He's here! And we're going to
keep looking until we find him!

A silence descends on the chastised team. As they go
back to work, veteran agent TITO BIONDI takes Archer
aside.

TITO

Jon, these people have been
working round the clock -- you
gotta cut them some slack...

Archer considers his best friend's advice -- then...

ARCHER

I'll cut them some slack when I
cut myself some slack.

Archer marches out -- slamming the door behind him.

11 INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

11

Castor quietly shuts the security door behind him. An
Hispanic voice startles him.

JANITOR

What are you doing?

CASTOR

(in perfect Spanish)
Thank goodness, I feel like Icarus
in the labyrinth -- where's the
men's room?

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED:

11

JANITOR

(in Spanish)

This area is off limits, Padre.

(re: security door)

How did you get in that room?

Realizing the JANITOR is already too suspicious, Castor puts a priestly arm around him -- and leads him down the hall.

CASTOR

Okay... I have a confession to make, but you aren't gonna like it. I was planting a bomb.

JANITOR

Bomb?

CASTOR

You know -- boom --

(patting his neck)

Oh, never mind...

The Janitor suddenly twitches, his eyes roll up in his head. As he gasps his last -- Castor heaves him down a stairwell. Now we see the needle-thin custom stiletto in Castor's hand.

Castor kicks the Janitor's mop and bucket down the stairs -- making everything look like an accident.

12

INT. SAME BUILDING - MAIN FLOOR - DUSK

12

The children's church choir -- 200 strong -- sing "Behold the Lamb of God." Clergy and lay persons listen reverently.

"Father" Castor strolls by the singers -- casually heading for the exit. As he passes the risers, an adolescent girl drops her sheet music at his feet.

CASTOR

I've never enjoyed 'The Messiah.'
But your voice makes even a hack
like Handel seem like a genius.

She blushes as he hands the music back. Although she's young, we see the pull of Castor's sexual magnetism.

13 EXT. LA CONVENTION CENTER - SUNSET 13

The marquee welcomes: INTERNATIONAL CHURCH CHOIRS. Next Saturday: AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION.

Castor exits -- politely holding the door for a beat cop.

14 INT. ARCHER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 14

Archer's INTERCOM BUZZES.

KIM (V.O.)

Commander, your wife's calling again --

Archer reaches for the line, but stops when Tito bursts in.

TITO

A jet was chartered at Anderson Airfield under the name of Ethan Goddard. Guess who just showed up to pay for it? Pollux Troy.

ARCHER

Scramble the Reaction Team -- we're moving out. And get one of our people on that plane.

TITO

But there's still no sign of Caster...

ARCHER

Where one brother goes, the other's sure to follow...

15 EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 15

A sleek Cadillac pulls in... moving fast.

16 INSIDE CADILLAC - MOVING 16

Castor's in the passenger seat, DIETRICH HASSLER drives. His Armani clothes don't conceal his criminal roots.

As the car stops next to a Land Rover, Castor scopes out the airfield. Then he hands Dietrich a fat wad of bills.

DIETRICH

All this for a detonator switch and a ride to the airport?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

DIETRICH (CONT'D)

Come on, Caz, who's the mark? You
know I won't tell anyone...

CASTOR

Some dumb fuck who asked too many
questions.

(exits car)

Say hi to your sister.

DIETRICH

'Hi' from you? Not unless I want
my ass kicked.

(driving off)

Happy landings -- wherever the
hell you're going...

17 RANGE ROVER

17

Castor approaches a pair of muscular, crystal-eyed twins
-- LARS and LUNT MUELLER. They part -- revealing POLLUX
TROY -- skittish, brilliant, paranoid -- a human
hummingbird.

POLLUX

You're 26 minutes late. You had
trouble installing that deuterium
trigger -- I knew I should've gone
with you...

CASTOR

Oh, God --

POLLUX

What!?

CASTOR

I forgot to turn the damn thing
on!

POLLUX

You're kidding, right?

(to the twins)

He's kidding...

(grabs Castor
by throat)

... are you fucking kidding!?

Castor hugs Pollux lovingly. Pollux squirms like a kid.

CASTOR

Bro -- bro -- I'm kidding.
Everything went fine.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

POLLUX

I hate when you call me bro.

Pollux stomps off toward the jet. Castor turns to the twins.

CASTOR

Thanks for babysitting.

LUNT

Need anything else, boss?

CASTOR

Just lay low for a few days until

I contact you... Oh --

(smiles)

-- stay away from downtown.

The twins nod... then take off. Castor heads for the jet.

18 INT. JET - NIGHT

18

Castor hustles in -- exhorting the PILOT.

CASTOR

Let's go, let's go!

As the JET TURBINES start to WHINE, Castor sinks into his seat. A very sexy FLIGHT ATTENDANT appears and hands him a Scotch. He downs it, looking her over salaciously.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Would you like anything else?

CASTOR

Hell, yes...

(pulls her into lap)

It's the only way to fly.

She smiles, not minding, until the jet suddenly slows its taxi down the runway.

19 COCKPIT

19

Castor yanks open the door.

CASTOR

What's wrong?

PILOT

Something's on the runway.

20 AT END OF RUNWAY 20

A pair of headlights stab through the darkness...

21 EXT./INT. HUMVEE - MOVING - NIGHT 21

Behind the wheel is Jon Archer. Beside him is Tito.

22 BACK TO CASTOR 22

CASTOR

It's Archer.
(gun to Pilot's
head)
Go, dammit!

Suddenly the gun is BLASTED from Castor's hand. He turns around to see... the Flight Attendant behind them -- holding a smoking pistol. This is Agent WINTERS.

WINTERS

F.B.I.! Throttle down, captain!

But Castor elbows the throttle up. The jet lurches forward, throwing Winters off balance. Pollux tackles her as the jet picks up speed.

Archer hits the gas. The HUMMER ROARS at the jet.

The jet picks up speed, trying to get aloft.

The Humvee is aimed right at it. Tito slumps in the seat.

TITO

Jon, you're playing chicken with
26 tons of aluminum...

23 COLLISION COURSE 23

as two hunks of metal bear down. The machines are seconds apart when --

Archer looks up to see...

Winters' face pressed up against the cockpit window, Castor holding a gun to her head.

Archer cuts the wheel -- just avoiding the jet. The Hummer skids to a stop as Federal back-up arrives -- but too late. Archer watches an FBI chopper -- landing in a swirl of dust.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

As the jet picks up speed... the hatch opens. Castor blasts Winters in the side and tosses her onto the tarmac.

INSIDE

Castor smiles at Pollux, sensing freedom, until...

KA-CHUNK: Something POUNDS the jet -- from above. Castor leans out the hatch and sees...

The chopper on top of them -- Archer at the controls.

Eye-contact -- years of hatred pass between these men.

Castor blasts at him from the open hatch.

Archer jerks and weaves -- dodging the bullets. The chopper pulls away -- falling back.

The jet finally lifts off... when...

The chopper settles on the jet's tail -- riding it.

TARMAC

Tito reacts to this madness -- as the chopper plays a deadly game of leap-frog with the jet.

The end of the runway is coming up fast. Suddenly --

24

BIPLANE

24

descends right toward them -- about to land on the quickly-shrinking runway.

The battling machines veer off the runway -- just missing the now-evading biplane.

The jet Pilot powers down the throttle. Thrust reverse.

CASTOR

What are you doing?

PILOT

You want the fuel tanks to blow?
We have to stop!

Castor SHOOTs him, then pulls him out of his seat. He struggles with the controls but they don't respond.

25 ARCHER

25

pulls up just as the jet clips a parked earth-mover, shearing off a wing.

The JET spins out and -- WHAM! It smashes through a hangar, decimating it. Only the tail sticks out from the gaping hole.

The FBI chopper lands. Archer steps out calmly -- like a cop about to write a traffic ticket.

More feds move -- including Tito, Wanda and Buzz. Four other agents charge toward the gap -- passing Archer.

ARCHER

-- get down!

Furious staccato GUNFIRE from within. Three agents are instantly killed. Another blast hits rookie Loomis -- shredding his ear.

Archer rushes forward -- FIRING into the hangar. As he drags Loomis out of harm's way, he sees the other dead agents. He's sickened.

26 INSIDE JET

26

Castor reloads as Pollux struggles to free himself from the wreckage -- but he's hopelessly trapped.

CASTOR

Go -- Go!

Distraught, Castor kisses Pollux's forehead...

CASTOR

Wherever they put you, I'll find a way to get you out...

27 OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE

27

The agents regroup.

TITO

We got him now, Jon.

ARCHER

That's what you always say.
(grabs shotgun)

Seal it off. I'm going in.

A crammed repair facility -- filled with airplane parts, hydraulic systems, massive turbine engines, etc.

Castor moves stealthily to the heavy rear door. He yanks hard on the handle -- it won't budge. Setting down the pistol, he grabs the handle with both hands... But --

ARCHER (O.S.)

Turn around.

Archer appears from between two huge turbine engines.

CASTOR

Jon, I'm getting a little annoyed by your obsessive need to spoil my fun.

ARCHER

And how much will your 'fun' net you this time?

CASTOR

What's it to you? I declare it. Here I am, back in the States for less than a week --

ARCHER

You're under arrest. Incredibly, you still have the right to remain silent --

Castor plays for time -- inching toward his pistol which is hiding from Archer's view.

CASTOR

Okay... I've got something going down next Saturday night. It's gonna be worse than anything god ever dumped on the Pharaoh -- and only I can stop it...

ARCHER

You can tell me all about it -- from your prison cell.

CASTOR

What're you gonna do with me locked up? You'll drive your wife and kid nuts! I bet your daughter is just about ripe by now. What's her name, Janie?

(CONTINUED)

ARCHER

Mention my family once more and
you're dead.

CASTOR

You can't shoot an unarmed man,
Jon. It's not like you...

Castor grabs his GUN and FIRES -- driving Archer back
between the two engines. Archer finds himself beside the
turbine test control panel... staring at the switches.

Castor moves in for the kill when...

VRRRROOOM! The TWIN ENGINES ROAR on! Unable to fight
the churning tornado-force wind... Castor's blasted
across the hangar... slamming hard into the far wall.

The ENGINES STOP and Archer emerges -- joined by Tito.

TITO

Tell me he didn't get away
again...

Then Tito follows Archer's gaze to Castor's lifeless
body. Still as death -- somehow his mocking smile
survives.

Heavily-manacled, an extremely agitated Pollux is herded
into a SWAT van by Buzz and Wanda.

POLLUX

Where's my brother? I want to see
my brother!

The van takes off -- passing an imposing older man,
flanked by two bodyguards. Bullying his way through the
media cordon, ADMIRAL VICTOR LAZARRO watches as Castor's
body is loaded on the ambulance. A sheet covers Castor's
lifeless face.

LAZARRO

Let's see those desk jockeys in
D.C. try to put me out to pasture
now.

(approaching Archer)

Damn fine work, Jon. You made the
entire bureau look good.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

ARCHER

Yeah, it was real fine.
Especially the casualties.

Archer contemplates the slain agents -- their four bodies laid out in a row -- waiting to be zip-locked. Lazarro reacts grimly as a reporter snaps a photo of the bodies.

Instinctively, the two men close ranks. Archer grabs the Nikon, ejects the film, then shoves the camera back.

LAZARRO

Classified information. No
photographs.

Lazarro puts a caring arm around Archer's shoulder and leads him away from the media... and the carnage.

LAZARRO

You okay, Jon?
(off Archer's nod)
Go home. Tell Eve.

30 INT. ARCHER'S HOME (SANTA MONICA) - DAY

30

A renovated Craftsman. Sipping a carton of milk, Archer pulls into the driveway. He sits, gathering his thoughts.

31 INT. ARCHER'S HOME - DAY

31

Archer enters and sees his wife EVE. Handsome, intelligent.

ARCHER

Hi...
(off no response)
... What's wrong?

She nods toward the kitchen. JAMIE is there -- a sullen and hard fifteen-year-old. There are cigarette cartons on the table.

EVE

Jamie complimented her 'D' in
history with an 'F' in
shoplifting...

Archer marches into the kitchen -- noting the crate of Marlboros. Jamie matter-of-factly pours herself coffee.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

ARCHER

Stealing cigarettes? Are you trying to get arrested and give yourself lung cancer at the same time?

JAMIE

That's right. Don't even ask me what happened.

Archer looks to Eve for help. Eve shakes her head -- nope.

ARCHER

Okay. What happened?

JAMIE

Like you'd ever fucking believe me!

She bolts. In anticipation, Eve calmly opens the door as Jamie rushes out, then closes it behind her.

EVE

Well, you tried. You failed miserably, but you tried.

ARCHER

Everything I say is wrong. I can't talk to her anymore.

EVE

Jon, I know you're busy, but please make time for some family counseling. Before she needs a parole officer...

EVE

(kisses him on cheek)
I've got patients waiting. Walk me out, I'll give you the week's highlights.

ARCHER

Eve... We need to talk.

Gathering her medical bag, she doesn't hear him.

EVE

The freezer died on the first, followed by Jamie's iguana on the third... you missed our scheduled 'date' night...

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

Something in Archer's expression makes her stop.

EVE

Jon -- what is it?

But he's too overcome. He starts to speak -- but can't.

EVE

Is it -- him? You got him?
It's... it's over?

Emotions avalanche across his face until he finally looks up. Eve pulls him close -- a sheltering embrace for them both.

ARCHER

I'm going to make everything up to
you and Jamie. I'll put in for a
desk job. We'll get counseling.
This time, I mean it.

32 INT. ARCHER HOME - MORNING

32

Freshly dressed, Archer heads down the hall. He pauses at the door to Jamie's room when he sees -- Jamie.

Fully clothed, she's fast asleep on her bed cluttered with clothes and assorted girl-stuff. Her face peaceful.

Archer looks around her room... sees the stuffed animals collecting dust... makeup, jewelry... his little girl is growing up fast. And he's missing it.

He pulls the blanket up over her and quietly slips out. The instant he leaves, Jamie kicks the blankets off.

33 INT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

33

Dominated by the FBI seal. Archer steps to the check point.

SECURITY GUARD EDDIE

Print, please, Commander.

Archer presses his thumb to a scan pad -- and is cleared.

34 INT. BULL PEN - DAY

34

Efficient as a bee hive -- agents, cryptologists, support staff buzz at their routines. Archer strides through -- drawing congratulatory nods and "thumbs up" signs...

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

OUTSIDE HIS OFFICE

Archer's team is there. Applauding. Proud. Uneasy with plaudits, he disperses the disappointed agents.

ARCHER

Much appreciated. Now let's get back to work, okay?

WANDA

(to Buzz)

Is that stick ever gonna fall out of his ass?

Archer's well-built secretary -- KIM BREWSTER -- hands him his messages.

KIMBERLY

(holds up champagne)

The C.I.A. sent this over. What should I do with it?

ARCHER

Send it back and tell them to stop wasting the taxpayers' money. Anything else, Miss Brewster?

KIMBERLY

No, Commander.

He enters his office. Kimberly sighs and turns to Wanda.

KIMBERLY

Four years -- and he still calls me 'Miss Brewster.'

35

INT. ARCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

35

The office is a monument to his obsession -- photographs, newsclips, clues, totems of Castor Troy surround Archer.

Sitting at his computer -- he scrolls through Castor's file. He grimly contemplates face-after-face-after-face of Troy's victims -- finally pausing on a photo of his son Matthew.

Burying his feelings, he types "CASE CLOSED" over Castor's image. Archer starts to press "enter" when Tito comes in.

ARCHER

How's Loomis?

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

TITO

He needs some surgery, but he's
going to be okay. That's the good
news...

ARCHER

Go on.

TITO

... Brodie and Miller from Special
Ops need to see you.

ARCHER

I don't have time for those cloak
and dagger guys...

Big NED BRODIE and athletic female HOLLIS MILLER stroll
in.

BRODIE

You better make time, Jon.

(hefts a disk)

We found this in the jet wreckage
-- among Pollux Troy's effects...

Archer accedes as Miller pops in the disk. The computer
screen displays a CAD schematic of the bomb. Archer
studies it carefully -- unease growing.

ARCHER

Porcelain casing... Thermal
cloak... Undetectable payload.

(gravely)

'Worse than anything God ever
dumped on the Pharoahs.'

DISSOLVE TO:

36

INTERROGATION FOOTAGE

36

Pollux under the third degree. Wired to a complex
machine -- the interrogating agents seem to have him on
the run...

37

INT. ARCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

37

Archer, Lazarro and various FBI officials -- including
Tito, Brodie and Miller -- watch the monitor.

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

POLLUX (V.O.)

(on screen)

That bomb was just a crossword
puzzle to me... a mental exercise.
I never built it...

Lazarro shuts down the monitor... turns to Archer.

ARCHER

He's lying.

LAZARRO

He's hooked up to a full-spectrum
polygraph. No one has ever
beaten --

ARCHER

He's manipulating it. That bomb
has been built, it's out there
somewhere and it's going to
detonate on Saturday night.

LAZARRO

Jon, I trust your instincts, I
always have. But there's nothing
we can do without some concrete
evidence...

Archer looks at the gathered brass. He knows it's
hopeless.

38

EXT. FBI BUILDING - INTELLIGENCE MEMORIAL - DAY

38

Words etched in the granite wall read:

IN HONOR OF THOSE MEMBERS
OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
WHO SACRIFICED THEIR LIVES
IN THE LINE OF DUTY

Archer watches as a workman engraves the last of the four
new stars among so many others -- each one honoring the
dead.

BRODIE

Didn't Castor give any clue where
the bomb might be?

ARCHER

Only one person knows -- his
brother Pollux. And he'll keep
his mouth shut until it blows.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

BRODIE

We could plant an agent in his cell -- get him to spill the location.

ARCHER

It'll never work -- Pollux is a confirmed paranoid. The only person he'd talk to about that bomb is Castor himself. And dead men can't talk.

Brodie and Miller exchange a knowing look.

BRODIE

There might be a way around that...

39

FULL SCREEN - CASTOR'S BODY

39

Tubes and hoses are plugged into every orifice.

40

INT. ICU ROOM - DAY

40

Archer stares at the body... he can't believe it.

ARCHER

Why are you keeping him alive?
(gets no answer)
As long as he's breathing, he's dangerous.

MILLER

Relax, he's a turnip.

Miller grinds out her cigarette on Castor's leg. Of course, Castor just lies there like a vegetable.

BRODIE

We can arrange for you to enter Erewhon Prison -- as Castor Troy.

ARCHER

Why not send in the tooth fairy, maybe Pollux talks in his sleep.

HOAG (O.S.)

Your friends aren't as crazy as they appear, Commander --

At the door is DR. MALCOLM HOAG (50s). Sipping a "Big Gulp," the man nevertheless exudes brilliance.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

HOAG

They just have all the facts.

(offers hand)

Malcolm Hoag. I run the
Physiological Camouflage Unit for
Special Ops.

ARCHER

I know who you are.

MILLER

But you don't know what he can do.
Physical augmentation; enhancement
surgery...

BRODIE

... He can disguise a compromised
agent or alter the likeness --
even the voice -- of a government
witness.

MILLER

More snitches have disappeared in
here than in the East River.

HOAG

Please, you're embarrassing me.
Let's just show him how it's done.
(leading him out)
I think you'll recognize our
patient, Commander...

41 INT. HOAG'S SURGICAL BAY - DAY

41

Loomis lies still as a surgeon carefully scrapes away
charred flesh around his burned ear. The doctor turns
to --

42 DERMA-GRAFTER MACHINE

42

Pins rotate in opposite directions -- pulling and shaping
a freshly grown sheet of human skin. It fits snugly over
a CMP ear-block -- cartilage grown in the exact shape of
a human ear. The surgeon takes the ear and fits it in
place on Loomis's head. He starts suturing.

43 OBSERVATION BOOTH - ABOVE

43

Archer, Hoag, Brodie and Miller watch the operation --
video-enhanced by the two huge screens on the far walls.

(CONTINUED)

ARCHER

Will the fake one feel very different?

HOAG

Nothing's fake -- it's completely organic. With our anti-inflammatory and invisible sutures, he won't remember which ear he lost.

(a beat)

Your situation, however, would be a little less permanent... and a lot more classified.

Hoag holds up a face-sized organic shell made up of yellow cartilage pieces and tendons, etc. Archer pulls it over his face -- like a gauze mask. A "tendon" falls off.

ARCHER

This'll fool Pollux.

HOAG

(takes it back)

This is a state-of-the-art morphogenetic template. The inside can be built to match the exact shape of your skull; the outside -- exactly like Castor's. Then we fit his face right on top --

MILLER

-- and you become him.

ARCHER

You're talking about taking the guy's face?

BRODIE

Borrowing, Jon. The procedure's completely reversible.

MILLER

One way or the other -- the mission ends on Saturday...

Archer turns the shell over and over in his hands...

ARCHER

Now that I have all the facts -- let me reiterate: you are crazy.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

BRODIE

Jon -- you know Castor better than anyone. You've lived and breathed him for years.

MILLER

You're the only one who can pull this off in time.

Archer pushes his way past them -- and out the door.

HOAG

I don't think that went very well.

BRODIE

Trust me -- he'll be back.

44 INT. INTERROGATION BOOTHS - QUICK ECU SHOTS - DAY

44

Under the hot lights -- too-sincere FITCH NEWTON sweats through his cashmere cardigan.

FITCH

What kind of a sick super-freak do you think I am? Sure, I used to party with Castor, but when I found out he was a wanted criminal...

Tough ALDO ANDINO stares morosely with unblinking eyes.

ALDO

I have four little words for you schutzstaffels: A.C.L.U.

Dietrich, smugly unflappable, pulls out a business card.

DIETRICH

I've just acquired some fabulous Lichtenstein seriographs. Come down to my gallery -- I'll set you boys up...

45 INT. FBI CORRIDOR - JUST OUTSIDE BOOTHS - SAME TIME

45

Archer and Tito exit Dietrich's booth. They aren't pleased.

ARCHER

A gun-runner... a drug dealer... a fixer. Model citizens all.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

TITO

That's everyone on the list of
Castor's known associates. She's
the last...

In another booth, a careworn but striking woman sits with
a little boy in her lap. She gently helps him Crayola a
book. This is SASHA HASSLER (30) and her son Adam (5).

TITO

Dietrich's sister Sasha. She and
Castor were an item for a while.

ARCHER

I know all about Miss Hassler,
I've busted her enough times.

46 INT. INTERROGATION BOOTH - DAY

46

Archer hovers over Sasha -- her maternal warmth replaced
by an icy hatred. Tito and the child are gone.

ARCHER

When was the last time you saw
Castor Troy?

SASHA

Who cares? He's dead.

ARCHER

Answer the question.

SASHA

Look, I'm clean. I teach art to
kids now --

ARCHER

You're also still on probation.
(as she's silent)

Miss Hassler, would you like your
son put in a foster home?

Sasha lunges -- but Archer holds her wrists firm.

SASHA

Sure -- tear his life apart in the
name of the law, that's how you
cowards operate!

ARCHER

(unmoved)

When was the last time you saw
Castor Troy?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

She stares at him -- the fight ebbing out of her.

SASHA

I haven't seen him for years.

47 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

47

Archer watches as the waiting little boy jumps into Sasha's arms. She hugs him protectively as she carries him away.

Adam sees Archer watching them -- and smiles. Archer doesn't smile back.

48 FULL SCREEN - CASTOR'S REAL FACE

48

PULL BACK TO:

INT. I.C.U. - NIGHT

Archer slowly circles Castor's muscular, hairy, tattooed body. Although on life support -- his signature smirk remains.

ARCHER

What about Lazarro?

BRODIE

No way -- the red tape alone would take a month. This is a top secret operation -- completely off the books.

MILLER

If you need him, Tito can help you prepare. But you can't tell anyone -- not the Admiral, not your wife... nobody.

Archer's face shows he doesn't like it -- then he nods.

ARCHER

-- I'm in.

BRODIE

Then get some rest, Jon. Tomorrow you'll be a new man...

49 EXT. ARCHER HOME - NIGHT

49

Archer slowly gets out of his car. Trudging toward the front door, he picks up a basketball and takes a shot. His form is terrible -- he misses by a mile.

50 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

50

Archer passes Jamie's room. Loud MUSIC POUNDS from within. He pauses to knock, thinks again, then heads down the hall.

51 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

51

Eve is in bed. Archer comes in quietly and sits beside her -- studying her peaceful, sleeping face. She stirs.

EVE

I was dreaming...

ARCHER

Something good?

EVE

You were falling. You had a parachute, but it didn't open.

ARCHER

Were you there to catch me?

EVE

No.

ARCHER

How come?

EVE

I don't know...

(nuzzles him)

Maybe because you've never needed my help.

They kiss and keep kissing. Passion building, Eve runs her hands over his body -- until her fingers touch a round scar on his chest. Archer freezes -- mid-caress.

EVE

It's all right, Jon.

ARCHER

After all these years, I still can't get it out of my head -- an inch to the left, Matty would still be alive.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

EVE

And you wouldn't be.

No response. The pain hidden in his stoic detachment chills Even. Even as he turns away -- she musters a hopeful tone.

EVE

Things will get better now that you're home. Everything will be better -- now that... that man is finally out of our lives.

ARCHER

Eve...

He starts to say the words. He wants, needs to share the truth with her. But he can't. Instead --

ARCHER

... If I had to do something to find some closure... I should do it, shouldn't I?... No matter how crazy?

EVE

Oh, God -- you're going on assignment again...

ARCHER

One last time. And while I'm gone, I want you and Jamie to go to your mother's in Santa Fe. It's important...

EVE

You said you'd be here! You promised! What could be more important than that?

ARCHER

I can't tell you... except only I can do it.

EVE

You want me to tell you it's okay to leave? Okay, go on! Go!

Fury erupting, Eve pushes Archer out of the bed.

52 INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM - NIGHT

52

Archer enters a child's room -- neat and tidy, like a museum exhibit. A starfield of glow-letters twinkles faintly.

He lies down on the bed and toys with his wedding band -- staring up at the words the stars form... "MATTHEW."

DISSOLVE TO:

53 INT. CONVENTION CENTER - MACHINE ROOM - BLINKING
LIGHTS - NIGHT

53

The blinking LED of the bomb timer continues to count down.

54 EXT. METRO RAIL TRAIN - DAWN

54

The RAIL-CAR EXPLODES into an underground tube -- disappearing beneath Long Beach Harbor.

55 INT. METRO RAIL TRAIN - MOVING - DAWN

55

Archer juggles Castor's dossier: documents, histories, photos. Tito sits next to him -- shell-shocked.

TITO

Jon, this is goddamn insane.
Turning yourself into another
person -- especially him -- what's
that going to do to you?

ARCHER

There's no choice. It has to be
done.

The train slows down -- lights flickering.

THROUGH the window: They watch a dripping frogman emerge from a service bay. He joins another maintenance worker doing routine tunnel repairs.

TITO

You haven't got a chance in hell
of fooling Pollux. Castor drinks,
smokes and walks around with a 24-
hour hard-on. He's nothing like
you --

Tito suddenly tosses Archer his Diet Coke can. Archer catches it easily -- with his right hand.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

TITO

-- He's also left-handed.

ARCHER

Don't worry. I'll do my homework.
If Hoag can do half what he
claims, I'll get Pollux to talk.

Archer toys with, then removes, his wedding band.

ARCHER

Keep this for me...

As Tito takes the ring -- a caring, but concerned look
passes between the two best friends.

56 EXT. HOAG INSTITUTE - DAY

56

Tucked away in the coastal mountains.

57 INT. SURGICAL BAY - DAY

57

HOAG emerges from between the two huge wall screens and
removes Archer's robe. A video cam tracks Archer's
movements. Another camera is on Castor.

HOAG

Let's walk through it, Commander.
Your blood types are different,
but we can't do anything about
that. The height difference is
negligible -- within 1/2 an inch.
The feet are close enough. Penis
size, flaccid, essentially the
same -- substantial.

From the observation booth above -- Miller raises her
eyebrow.

Hoag eyes Castor's inert, tight body -- then turns to
Archer -- prodding his love handles like a livestock
inspector.

HOAG

How about an abdominoplasty?

ARCHER

Abdomino -- what?

HOAG

A tummy tuck. On the house.

ARCHER

Do it.

58

TRANSFORMATION MONTAGE

58

(INTERCUT huge screen enlargements of Archer and Castor's body parts as necessary):

Globules of adipose tissue are siphoned off of Archer's obliques. At the same time...

Hoag recreates the "Great Sphinx" tattoo on Archer's thigh. We PUSH IN ON his leg, then PULL BACK to reveal...

Archer and Tito. The CLOSEUP on his leg becomes a FULL SHOT as he walks across the room -- like himself. Tito demonstrates the proper "Castor gait": dangerously casual, like a panther.

Then Tito tosses Archer a glass of water -- which he fumbles with his left hand. It breaks.

Hoag reproduces Castor's fingerprints... then layers them over Archer's fingers. Transition to:

Archer's fingers clutch a shot glass as he brings some tequila to his repulsed lips. Tito tosses him another glass. This time Archer catches it, spilling most.

Eyelids pinned back -- micro-needles plunge into Archer's eyeballs. His irises wash from blue to brown. Transition...

Archer practices Castor's icy, killer glare as he brings a cigarette to his lips. He inhales boldly -- then coughs pathetically. Tito tosses another glass. Archer catches it left-handed -- this time only spilling a few drops.

Hundred of tiny hair implants are "plugged" into Archer's chest. Laser shears thin out his thick head of hair -- leaving a receding hairline -- just like Castor.

Archer fusses with his new hair, trying to cover the thin spots. Giving up, he zips up his sweatshirt -- getting the zipper caught in his new chest hair.

Tito tosses him another glass and Archer catches it perfectly this time. He drinks down his victory.

59

EXT. HOAG'S FACILITY - NIGHT

59

Clear and calm. God's night. Someone's God anyway.

60

INT. I.C.U. ROOM - NIGHT

60

Hoag leads Archer to a full-length mirror.

HOAG

Let's see if I missed anything
before I get my hands really
dirty.

Archer removes the robe. He's amazed to see:

His own head on Castor's body: a flat stomach, hairy chest, thinning hair, brown eyes, etc. Hoag touches Archer's scar.

HOAG

You realize this has to be
removed.

(as Archer
slowly nods)

Then here we go, Commander.
Through the Looking Glass...

61

INT. SURGICAL BAY - NIGHT

61

Unconscious, Archer is wheeled into the surgical bay, Castor beside him. Hoag turns to the video technician.

HOAG

Make sure you get everything --
I'll need to study the tape before
the reverse surgery.

Hoag sets the Derma-Induction-Device over Archer's face.

He sights through the optical memory, squeezes the trigger. A cobalt beam cuts around the face -- cleanly slicing it. Then Hoag lifts Archer's face -- off of his skull.

Brodie and Miller watch from above. Tito stumbles into the nearby bathroom to throw up.

Hoag carefully sinks Archer's face into a saline drip-tank.

HOAG

Vault it...

Hoag's assistant performs the same procedure on Castor.

Castor's consistent EEG reading suddenly spikes radically -- for a moment, it almost seems to stabilize. The assistant glances over -- too late -- the spikes have disappeared.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

But the CAMERA CLOSES IN ON Castor's ear -- and we sense that, somehow, his auditory nerves might be functioning.

DISSOLVE TO:

62 INT. RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

62

A head swathed in gauze. The bandages start to fall away.

Hoag removes the gauze. The patient looks into a mirror.

Jon Archer has become Castor Troy.

He gasps, touching his new face. Then he angles to see the double-scars -- they're gone.

Brodie, Miller and Tito enter the room. Instinctively, Tito grabs for his holster.

ARCHER

It's me, Tito. It's Jon.

Tito smiles, realizes his reflexive stupidity.

ARCHER

It worked...

(clears throat)

Except for my voice... I still sound like me.

HOAG

(prods Adam's apple)

I implanted a micro-chip onto your larynx. Seems in place. Now just start talking -- repeat everything you hear...

Hoag switches on an audio tape. Archer repeats Castor's word as Hoag adjusts the chip with a wavelength box.

CASTOR'S VOICE

Okay, I've got a confession to make, but you aren't gonna like it... (etc.)

ARCHER

Okay, I've got a confession to make, but you aren't gonna like it... (etc.)

After a few repetitions, Archer's voice matches perfectly.

(CONTINUED)

62

CONTINUED:

62

Archer yawns, squints and furrows his brow -- testing every muscle. He stares into the mirror -- into the eyes of his most hated enemy -- now his eyes. Archer slowly turns to...

Castor. Motionless, swathed, dead to the world -- but something about Castor's smile -- that mocking smile...

ARCHER

Now what?

BRODIE

We've got 72 hours. Let's call Lazarro. Castor Troy just came out of his coma.

63

EXT. FBI HELIPORT - DAY

63

Armed agents take their positions around a helipad. A jet-black helicopter drops from the sky like an angry wasp.

64

EXT. HELIPAD - DAY

64

A second squad marches out -- led by Lazarro. In their midst -- Tito escorts a heavily-manacled "Castor."

TITO

If you're not out of there in three days... I'm going to the Admiral.

ARCHER

I'll be out.

Two armed agents leap from the chopper and take charge of "Castor." He follows them pliantly until --

TITO

Watch this hard-case -- he'll bite your nuts off if he gets the chance!

Archer gets the message. He starts to resist the agents and must be muscled into the chopper. He's manacled down.

An agent starts to pull a hood over Archer's head.

Eye contact between Archer and Tito -- both aware of this very real point of departure.

The hood comes down as the chopper door slams shut. The CHOPPER lifts off like a twister and SCREAMS away.

65 EXT. BALCONY ABOVE - DAY

65

The watching team breaks up, wanders back to work.

LOOMIS

What a week for Commander Archer
to go on vacation. Maybe we
should let him know.

WANDA

Forget it. He left strict orders
not to be tracked down.

They pass Brodie and Miller, who watch the chopper
disappear over the horizon. So far so good.

66 INT. CHOPPER - FLYING - DAY

66

The agent re-checks Archer's chains.

ARCHER

Don't forget -- I ordered a kosher
meal...

The agent smashes his elbow into Archer's gut. The
second agent presses an injector against Archer's leg.
PSSSST. Archer spasms against the drug -- then sags
unconscious.

67 INT. DELOUSING CUBICLE - EREWHON PRISON - EXTREME
CLOSEUP - ARCHER

67

As a torrent of delousing spray hits him.

A guard holds a water cannon on the newest inmate.

Archer lies gasping on the steel floor, protecting his
face. The spray stops -- when head guard "RED" WALTON
enters.

WALTON

Stand up.

Archer inspects his feet -- now encased by lock-down
boots.

WALTON

Don't sniff 'em, you perv. Just
stand up.

Archer obeys. Instantly, the boots automatically lock
down onto his feet. Archer tries to move -- but can't.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

ARCHER

They're too tight.

WALTON

So's a noose. Now keep your mouth
shut.

Walton jolts Archer with his high voltage shock-stick.
Archer buckles. The other guard shears away his clothes.

WALTON

You are now an Erewhon inmate -- a
citizen of nowhere. Human rights
zealots, the Geneva convention and
the P.C. police have no authority
here. You have no rights. When I
say your ass belongs to me -- I
mean it. Bend over.

Archer's face reflects the degradation as he bends over
and exposes all to the cavity-searching Guard.

WALTON

The entire prison's one big
magnetic field. The boots'll tell
us where you are -- every second
of the day.

(into comm-link)

201 to Security...

To Archer's surprise -- he can now move.

68 INT. SECURITY CHECK-POINT

68

Now dressed in plain prison blues, Archer clomps past
this check-point. From here he can see into security
central. It looks like an air traffic control tower --
with monitors designed to keep problems and privacy at a
minimum.

Walton presses Archer's thumb into an electronic panel.
It forms a print -- positively identifying "Castor's
Troy."

WALTON

(into comm-link)

201 to Population.

(to Castor)

I've got fifty bucks says you're
dead by dinner. Don't disappoint
me.

Walton prods Archer through a heavy blast-door.

The inmates eat. Silence descends as Archer enters -- intensifying the constant HUMMING of the MAGNETIC FIELD. Huge Dubov does a slow burn on seeing "Castor."

Scanning the room for Pollux -- Archer takes a seat next to a LITTLE, GOATEED MAN with a French accent.

LITTLE MAN

Hey, Castor -- remember me?

ARCHER

Fabrice Voisine... sure, I --
(catches himself)

-- I believe Jon Archer busted you
for poisoning five members of the
Canadian parliament.

FABRICE (LITTLE MAN)

Those scumbags should never have
voted against the Quebecois.

(beat)

We heard you got wasted.

Archer sees the other inmates sizing him up.

ARCHER

Do I look wasted -- asshole?

FABRICE

You look great, Castor. Really.
Here -- I got something for you --
mescal. Even has the worm.

Fabrice hands over a baby food jar filled with Mescal. Archer eyes it with trepidation, but everyone's waiting. He downs it -- grins -- then chokes, sucking back his urge to puke.

ARCHER

-- Hit the spot.

Suddenly Dubov leaps onto Archer and starts pummeling him. They slide across the table, spilling everyone's lunch.

GUARD

(into comm-unit)

Central. I have a disturbance in
population. Go to lock down --

WALTON

(into comm-unit)

Hold that lock down.

(CONTINUED)

Walton waits as Dubov throws Archer across the room. Archer staggers to his feet -- and sees the encircling inmates and guards looking at him -- unimpressed.

Especially his "brother" Pollux -- who stares dubiously.

Dubov attacks again -- but Archer is ready. He grabs Dubov's fist -- just before it hits his face.

ARCHER

Never -- in -- the -- face.

Holding Dubov's fist firmly, Archer kicks Dubov repeatedly in the groin. Metal boot meeting soft flesh.

Dubov staggers back -- hurt. Archer moves in for the kill, savoring it. Walton has seen enough.

WALTON

Lock 'em down.

ZAP! The magnetic boots lock both inmates to the floor. Dubov flails hopelessly -- but Archer's just out of reach.

Crack! Walton punches Archer in the diaphragm.

ARCHER

Why me? He started it!

Walton smashes Archer harder -- he hits the floor.

ARCHER

When I get out of here --

WALTON

You'll what?

ARCHER

I'm going to have you fired.

His statement is so ludicrous, Walton laughs. Everyone does. From the inmates' reactions, Archer knows he's been accepted.

WALTON

(to Dubov)

That's two strikes, Dubov. One more and you know where you're going.

(to the others)

Back to you 'suites', -- or no dinner.

(CONTINUED)

69

CONTINUED: (2)

69

Pollux waits as Archer drops into the line of cons.

ARCHER

Hey, bro...

POLLUX

Bro? Bro? You're not my brother.

(eyes dissecting

Archer)

The brother I knew would never
have been caught by that needle-
dick Jon Archer.

(then; grinning)

At least tell me the bomb is still
going off.

ARCHER

They haven't found it yet --

Listen, Pollux...

Walton prods the pair forward -- silencing them.

70

INT. ARCHER'S CELL - NIGHT

70

Archer sits in the tiny, steel-framed cell. Isolated,
lonely, he realizes how easy it would be to go insane
here.

71

EXT. HOAG INSTITUTE - NIGHT

71

An insanely starry night. Van Gogh's night. The night
he cut off his ear, anyway.

72

INT. SURGICAL BAY - NIGHT

72

Castor's body lies inert, his life support MACHINES
BLIPPING away. Until the EEG spikes. Once -- twice --
three times. Brain wave activity increases -- and
stabilizes.

Castor's fingers twitch. Then his fist clenches -- hard.
Castor's head is swathed in gauze. But his eyes pop
open.

Reflexively, Castor wrenches from the bed -- tearing out
the tubes and wires that tether him to life support. He
goes down -- in agony -- groaning.

He struggles to his feet -- staggering through the lab --
until he finds the desk. Castor grips the phone and
dials.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

CASTOR

Lars... it's me... well, believe it!

(shuffles
some papers)

The 'Hoag Institute' in Newport.
Just get over here. And bring me
a pack of Gitanes, 'cause Jesus,
do I need a smoke... What?...
Yeah, low-tar.

He hangs up -- then catches the reflection of his
bandaged face in the window. He quickly unwraps the
gauze.

The discarded bandages fall at his feet... we don't see
what Castor sees -- but we hear him moan... then choke...
then scream -- the only moment Castor ever loses his
cool.

73 EXT. HOAG INSTITUTE - NIGHT (LATER)

73

A RANGER ROVER SCREECHES up. At gunpoint, Lars
manhandles Hoag and his wife into the lab.

74 INT. SURGICAL BAY - NIGHT

74

Lunt is at the computer terminal, scrolling through
endless pages of data... absorbing it all -- including
the video log of Archer's surgery. Lars hustles the
Hoags inside.

HOAG

Who are you people? What do you
want?

Lars shoves Hoag into a towering figure... we ZOOM IN ON
Hoag's glasses. And through the reflection we see:

A man without a face.

Hoag reacts in horror at the raw muscle, cartilage and
bone. The man lifts a cigarette to his lips... then
exhales.

CASTOR

I want my face.

Exercise hour. With his left hand, Archer tosses up an air-ball to the jeers of the other inmates. He heads toward...

Pollux sits -- staring blankly at the huge wall screen.

POLLUX

You realize, of course, that magnetic humming is designed to drive us insane. If we all don't get brain tumors first.

(re nature scenes
on huge monitor)

And that same cloying tape -- over and over. It's like they're begging us to riot. Where the fuck are we, anyway?

Archer shrugs as Pollux passes his cigarette. Pollux studies Archer as he takes a drag -- and nearly gags.

POLLUX

... I've been watching you.

ARCHER

Yeah? So?

POLLUX

Your jumpshot has no arc. You used to swagger... now you swish. You're gumming that butt like a Catholic school girl.

(notices)

And why do you keep picking at your finger?

Pollux has caught Archer reflexively tugging at his phantom wedding ring. Archer immediately stops.

POLLUX

I'm having doubts that you're -- you.

He sticks his finger under Archer's eye and pulls down like a vet examining a sick dog. Archer pushes him off. To Pollux's surprise, Archer starts to laugh.

ARCHER

You're as paranoid as ever. Man, you gotta get back on your medication.

(CONTINUED)

POLLUX

And what exactly was my
medication, big brother?

ARCHER

Vivex. Placanol. Depren-B.
Assorted chill-pills to level out
those nasty highs and lows.

Pollux's suspicion level plummets as Archer takes a
second drag and holds it -- then exhales right in
Pollux's face.

ARCHER

I was in a coma. My reflexes, my
sense, my memory... everything's
jumbled. I can't even tell you
why Dubov jumped me yesterday.

POLLUX

You pollinated his wife the day he
was sent here! How could you
forget that?

ARCHER

I've forgotten plenty. So I need
you to help me fill in a few
blanks.

Pollux stares at him dubiously.

ARCHER

Look around, bro... we've screwed
over half the freaks in this dump.
What's gonna happen to me if they
think I've lost my mind? What's
gonna happen to you?

Pollux indeed contemplates the other inmates -- they're
circling, sizing up the brothers like hungry sharks.
Archer pulls up his shirt, exposing the pyramid tattoo.

ARCHER

.. I know I got this on my tenth
birthday. But I can't remember
why.

Archer lays the trap. Suspicious, Pollux falls right
into it.

POLLUX

Come on... that was the worst day
of our lives!

(CONTINUED)

Archer feigns a "struggle" with his memory. He lights a new butt with the old -- chain-style... then "remembers."

ARCHER

Oh, God -- Mom O.D.'d at County General.

POLLUX

Retching and convulsing while those bastards didn't even try to save her sorry ass. You gave her mouth to mouth -- man -- even then you had some constitution.

Archer reacts -- he didn't know this side of Castor.

POLLUX

Remember what you swore to me at the funeral?

ARCHER

Uh -- to kill the doctors?

POLLUX

After that. You promised you'd always take care of me.

ARCHER

And I bet I've kept that promise...

POLLUX

Only one you've never broken.

Pollux looks at him with great affection. Uncomfortable, Archer returns the look -- then returns to his true task.

ARCHER

Screw the past. We've got the future to look forward to.

Archer pulls out a couple of liquid-filled baby food containers. He slyly passes one to Pollux and smiles.

ARCHER

We still have Saturday night.

POLLUX

No shit...

Pollux drinks. Archer refills the container and lights another cigarette for him. He gulps it down.

(CONTINUED)

POLLUX

Ten million bucks... now the Cali
druglords get to keep it.

Druglords? Archer pours Pollux another.

ARCHER

That's not the worst part.

POLLUX

What's worse than losing ten
million bucks?

ARCHER

Being stuck in this rathole when
it blows. What you built was a
work of art. It belongs in the
Smithsonian.

Pollux beams and keeps drinking. Archer hangs on every
word.

POLLUX

Yeah -- well... the L.A.
Convention Center will have to
do...

Archer nods -- solemnly keeping a straight face.

ARCHER

Thanks, Pollux.

POLLUX

'Thanks'? I guess they really did
fuck you up.

Pollux chuckles -- until he sees Archer's jar still
filled with booze. A wave of ill-ease overtakes Pollux.

Archer paces impatiently... as the door rolls open.
Walton is looking at him with cool respect.

WALTON

You have a visitor.

Archer smiles to himself -- pleased at Brodie's
timeliness.

77

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

77

Archer's boots lock down -- as the guillotine door rises. But his confidence evaporates into unspeakable horror. Because he finds himself staring into the blue eyes of --

Jon Archer. This man has Archer's face -- his real face.

IMPOSTOR

What's the matter? Don't you like
the new me?

Archer studies the image of his former self -- trying to understand. Then he recognizes the smirk on the face, the mocking twinkle in the eyes and he says what he cannot say...

ARCHER

-- Castor...?

CASTOR

Not anymore.

ARCHER

It can't be. It's impossible.

CASTOR

I believe the phrase Dr. Hoag used was 'titanically remote'. Who knows? Maybe the trauma of having my face cut off pulled me out. Or maybe God really is on my side after all.

(starts pacing)

By the way, I know you don't get
the papers in here.

Continuing to circle, he displays the current LA Times:

"INFERNO AT HOAG INSTITUTE -- Malcolm Hoag, Ten Others
Dead"

CASTOR

Terrible tragedy. Hoag was such a
genius -- but selfish with his
artistry. I actually had to
torture his wife to convince him
to perform the same surgery on me.

ARCHER

You killed them?

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

CASTOR

Of course I killed them, you dumb fuck. And torched every shred of evidence that proves who you really are.

(beat)

Swallow this one, Commander. You are going to be in here for the rest of your life.

ARCHER

What are you going to do, Castor?

CASTOR

Let's not confuse things anymore. I'm Archer. You're Castor.

ARCHER

What are you going to do!

CASTOR

You've given me the freedom I haven't had in years, and the power to make it pay off in ways I never thought possible. But this is America. One day a pauper; the next, a prince. And I owe it all to you.

(a beat)

Now if you'll excuse me, I've got an important government job to abuse, and a beautiful wife to fuck. Excuse me -- I mean 'make love to.'

Archer freaks out. He starts flailing -- unable to reach Castor. Castor opens the door and Walton rushes in.

ARCHER

That's not me! That's not me!

WALTON

(zapping Archer)

Sorry, commander.

CASTOR

It's quite all right. You never know what to expect from a psychopathic criminal...

78 INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY

78

The guards dump Archer into his cell.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

WALTON

Better be nice, Castor. You could
get mighty lonely now that Pollux
is gone.

ARCHER

Pollux is -- what?

WALTON

Archer cut him a deal for turning
state's evidence. He's been
released...

ARCHER

Walton, you have to listen to --
right now!

WALTON

Or what? You'll have me fired?
(pushes a button)
You're confined until I say
otherwise...

The steel panels shut - silencing Archer's pleading
voice.

79 INT. CELL - SAME TIME

79

Archer pounds at the mirrored cell door, finding no
release from the horror. He stares at the face of his
enemy -- the enemy who now has total command of his life.

80 EXT. STREETS OF L.A. - DAY

80

Castor drives Archer's car while sorting through Archer's
personal effects... his wallet, computer-address book.

81 EXT. LOS FELIZ - DAY

81

Tito lugs grocery bags up to his restored Spanish duplex.
He grabs the newspaper off the lawn, stuffs it in a bag.

82 INT. TITO'S APARTMENT - DAY

82

Dark. Tito enters and drops the bags, making his way to
the fridge. He opens it -- revealing a man at the wet
bar.

Tito whips out his gun, then sees it's "Jon Archer."

(CONTINUED)

TITO

Jon? What the hell happened?

CASTOR

You're a secret agent -- you tell me.

Castor has laid the bait. He waits... and waits... as Tito studies him. Then, Tito lowers his gun.

TITO

Christ, you're in a mood.

(pops a beer)

Okay -- you had to pull out.

Pollux wasn't fooled for a minute.

Castor smiles -- he knows all he needs to know.

TITO

(digs through
pocket)

Don't go home without this.

He holds up Archer's wedding band -- then places it on the counter. Castor picks it up and has to force it over his knuckle. Tito notices -- but it doesn't quite register.

CASTOR

Thanks... Didn't feel like myself without it.

(as Tito pops

open a beer)

How about a beer for me?

TITO

You? yeah, right.

As Tito empties his groceries, he sees the newspaper -- with the headline about Hoag's death. He goes stiff.

Keeping cool, Tito pulls a beer from the fridge.

TITO

Here comes that beer.

He turns and tosses it to Castor, who tries to catch it with his right hand. Fumbled awkwardly, it drops to the floor.

Instantly Tito goes for his gun -- but Castor is too fast. He draws his -- freezing Tito in mid-motion.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2)

82

CASTOR
(re: beer bottle)
I gotta work on that.

BOOM! Castor FIRES and Tito slumps to the floor.

83 INT. ARCHER'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

83

Sipping a beer, Castor cruises past the suburban bliss:
men on hammocks; women chatting; kids playing tag.

CASTOR
(sickened)
Jesus, what a life.

Castor tries to catch a street address and rolls past...

84 ARCHER'S HOUSE

84

Dressed for work, Eve watches blandly as the car goes by.
A moment later, it backs up and parks.

Hiding the beer can, Castor forces a sheepish smile --
and gets out. She doesn't smile back.

EVE
I suppose it was only a matter of
time before you forgot where we
lived.

CASTOR
Sorry -- work was just murder
today.

Castor looks her over -- she's much sexier than he
expected.

EVE
I didn't expect you back so soon.
What happened to your 'important'
assignment?

CASTOR
What do you know about it?

EVE
As much as ever. Nothing.

CASTOR
It didn't work out the way
everyone thought it would. Where
are you off to?

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

EVE

I've got surgery.

CASTOR

Surgery -- are you okay?

Then he spots her medical bag. Oops.

EVE

Don't try to charm me -- I'm still
angry. There're leftovers in the
fridge.

CASTOR

Have fun at work.

Castor kisses her good-bye -- on the mouth.

EVE

What is with you?

CASTOR

Don't I usually kiss my wife?

EVE

No.

Castor reacts as she gets in the car and pulls out.

85 INT. ARCHER'S HOME - DAY

85

Castor steps inside, looks around.

CASTOR

What a dump.

86 INT. STUDY - DAY

86

Castor sifts through Christmas cards from Holidays past,
studying the ones with photos. He's memorizing --
matching names to faces -- Wanda's, Buzz's, Lazarro's,
etc.

Something else catches his eye. He finds a floral
notebook -- Eve's diary -- and pages through it.

CASTOR

He hasn't done her in two months?

What a loser...

(checks his pockets)

There's gotta be one cigarette in
this hole.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

He rifles the desk for a smoke -- when he hears a voice.
He turns and glances across the hall. He sees...

87 GLIMPSES OF JAMIE

87

As she walks back and forth in her room, talking on the
phone -- and wearing only panties and a cropped T-shirt.
Castor steps closer -- enjoying the view.

CASTOR

The plot thickens.

88 INT. JAMIE'S ROOM - DAY

88

Jamie stamps out her cigarette.

JAMIE

-- I got your E-mails, Karl. That
poem was really sweet --

(spots Castor
at door)

Hang on a sec...

She slams it -- but he gets his foot inside.

JAMIE

I'll call you back.

(to Castor)

You're not respecting my
boundaries.

CASTOR

Let me in, Janie.

Castor pushes menacingly into the room.

JAMIE

'Janie'?

Castor spots her correct name embroidered on a pillow.
He gazes seductively, unnerving Jamie as he steps toward
her.

CASTOR

I don't think you heard me...
Jamie... You have something I
want...

He reaches for her -- and right past her. He picks up a
pack of cigarettes from the desk.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

JAMIE
Clarissa left those here.

CASTOR
(shrugs and
lights up)
I won't tell Mom if you don't.

JAMIE
When did you start smoking?

CASTOR
You'll be seeing a lot of changes
around here -- Daddy's a new man.

Jamie stares, astonished, as Castor goes out.

89 INT. FBI - LOBBY CHECKPOINT - DAY

89

Castor dons his stern "Archer" face as GUARD EDDIE checks
his thumbprint ID. He's cleared and waved in.

90 INT. FBI INTERROGATION BOOTH - DAY

90

Lazarro is staring doubtfully through a two-way mirror at
Pollux... who is gorging himself on a big lunch.

CASTOR
How's our star witness?

LAZARRO
He hasn't told us a damn thing
except what kind of mustard he
likes on his tongue sandwiches.
(a beat)
Assuming that bomb is out there,
we're almost out of time.

CASTOR
Just leave me alone with him for
five seconds, Admiral. Trust me
-- he'll crack.

LAZARRO
I know you have an instinct about
this, Jon. But you cutting a deal
with this particular psychopath...
(as he walks off)
I don't like it. I don't like it
at all...

Castor enters -- shutting down the mikes... and the blinds.

CASTOR

You're supposed to be snitching --
make me look good.

POLLUX

'Look good'?

(dumps food in
disgust)

Seeing that face -- I want to
vomit.

CASTOR

I'm the one who has to look at
this butt-ugly mug every time I
pass a mirror. Look at my eyes,
my chin, my perfect nose -- gone!

(considers his
reflection)

Archer took my life, so I'm taking
his. Bro, I'm going straight.

POLLUX

Did Archer take your brain, too?

CASTOR

Imagine Dillinger as J. Edgar
Hoover. Carlos the Jackal running
Interpol. Kaddafi heading the
Mossad...

Pollux listens carefully -- his mind clicking like an
abacus.

CASTOR

... I'll have the biggest private
army in the world at my disposal.
And the best part is -- I'm the
good guy.

POLLUX

No -- the best part is...

(wide grin)

... since it's a government job --
they can't fire you!

(lifts handcuffs)

But what about me?

CASTOR

You're going to 'confess.' I'll
be a hero, poised and ready for a
big promotion. And you'll be a
free man...

92 EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

92

Police VEHICLES ROAR into position. Squads of police evacuate throngs of people.

93 INT. CONVENTION CENTER - SUB-BASEMENT - EXTREME
CLOSEUP - BOMB TIMER - DAY

93

TICKS down to less than two minutes.

Working as a unit, the BOMB SQUAD carefully remove the bomb's casing. Inside, the complex guts glow evilly. The men are tense, cautious -- and way out of their league.

BOMB LEADER

Jesus... Any suggestions?

TECHNICIAN

Yeah... run.

Castor pushes up his blast visor. He looks grim.

BOMB LEADER

It's protected by a vibration detector... One touch and...

CASTOR

Evacuate your team, Captain.

BOMB LEADER

Sir, you can't disarm it --

CASTOR

Just go!

The bomb squad hustles out. Waiting until he's alone, Castor pulls a radio device from his pocket and hits its switch. The bomb's glow dies instantly.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - TIMER

stops at 26 seconds.

BACK TO SCENE

Not satisfied, Castor starts it up again -- running the timer down to four seconds. That's better.

94 INT. EREWHON PRISON - "POPULATION" - DAY

94

The inmates eat lunch. Walton enters -- prodding a beaten Jon Archer ahead of him.

WALTON

A special privilege today: T.V. -
- by order of commander Jon Archer
of the F.B.I...

Jeers from the inmates as the big screen changes from the nature loop to... CNN.

95 ON SCREEN - CONVENTION CENTER

95

"Sweating," Castor lumbers out, carrying the disarmed bomb.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

That was the scene at the L.A.
Convention Center, where an F.B.I.
agent is being hailed as a hero.
Commander Jon Archer disarmed a
powerful bomb just seconds before
it was set to explode. Let's get
the latest from Valerie Rice...

96 EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

96

Castor basks in the attention of the gathered media.

REPORTER VALERIE

The apparent target was Eduardo
Castillo -- Chief Justice of the
Colombian Supreme Court. Castillo
was due to make a surprise
appearance here today.

(thrusting microphone)

Commander, do you have any idea
who might have planted it?

CASTOR

That's classified. But if he's
listening I have a message for
him:

(directly into
camera)

Nice try. Now you know who's
really in charge.

97 INT. EREWHON PRISON - POPULATION

97

Watching the TV, Archer's enraged, frustrated. Then his eyes focus... he watches closely as --

A guard uses his "thumbprint ID" to get through the security doors. Archer's eyes fall on the thumbprint scan pad.

98 INT. FBI - BULLPEN - DAY

98

Castor gets a "thumps up" from some co-workers, others smile -- but they know better than to applaud.

CASTOR

Don't you guys watch T.V.?
Where's the parade?

They look at each other -- afraid. But proud rookie Loomis starts clapping, so everyone else joins in rousing applause.

CASTOR

-- Loomis, Buzz, uh -- Wanda...
all of you, thanks from the bottom
of my heart. Thanks for enduring
all those years I was an
insufferable boor. From now on --
consider me reborn.

WANDA

Stop the presses -- Jon Archer
found a personality...

99 ARCHER'S RECEPTION AREA

99

Castor finds Miss Brewster bent over the filing cabinet.

CASTOR

Hiya, Kim.

He slaps her rump and heads into his office. She's stunned.

100 INT. ARCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

100

Castor enters to find Lazarro at the desk -- holding a legal pad. Lazarro looks at Castor with angry, disturbed eyes.

LAZARRO

I see you're already practicing
your executive signature.

(CONTINUED)

100

CONTINUED:

100

Castor takes away the pad on which he has, indeed, been practicing Archer's signature.

CASTOR

What's up, Admiral?

LAZARRO

You know perfectly well what's up.
You went behind my back and sent
all your bomb memos to Washington.
Do you know how that made me look?
(as Castor shrugs)
Like an idiot. An incompetent,
criminally-negligent idiot.

CASTOR

I was just following procedure.

LAZARRO

How could you do it, Jon? We've
been friends for fifteen years. I
taught you everything I know...

CASTOR

So there's nothing else to say, is
there?

Lazarro musters all the dignity he can. As he exits:

LAZARRO

Don't think I'm going down without
a fight.

Castor picks up a framed photo of Archer and family and
grins wide -- trying to ape Archer's dumb photo smile.

CASTOR

Jon -- your career's finally
taking off.

Castor puts the photo down, then pulls out a handbook:

You and the FBI: A Primer for New Employees.

101

EXT. ARCHER'S HOME - DAY

101

Castor, carrying grocery bags, comes into the back yard
where Jamie practices free throws. He watches her miss.

CASTOR

How about a game of horse?

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

JAMIE

Don't make me beat your butt
again, Dad. It's harmful to my
developing psyche.

CASTOR

Afraid you'll lose?

Castor crisply sinks a free-throw. Jamie glares, takes
the ball -- and tosses an air-ball.

CASTOR

'H.'

Jamie sneers at him. He buries another one.

CASTOR

Try putting a higher arc on the
ball... and square your shoulders
to the basket.

Begrudgingly, she listens -- and sinks a clean shot.
Pleased, she nods. HONK! A BMW pulls into the driveway.

JAMIE

Gotta go, Daddy. Karl's here.

Jamie trots over to greet KARL (17) -- a clean-cut
preppie. Opening the car door for her, Karl waves,
smiling at Castor. Castor studies Karl carefully, not
liking what he sees.

102 INT. ARCHER'S HOME - NIGHT

102

A tired Eve opens the door. It's pitch black inside. As
she fumbles for the light switch...

MATCH

flares as Castor lights a candle. The dining room table
is set for a candlelight dinner. He smiles warmly at her
confusion.

CASTOR

Don't tell me you forgot. Eve --
it's date night!

103 DINING ROOM - LATER

103

Eve looks up from her pasta. After an awkward silence:

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

EVE

Why do I feel like I'm on a blind date?

CASTOR

It's important to keep some mystery... so things stay... unpredictable.

Eve studies him as he pours her more wine. Her smile slowly fades as she realizes what's going on.

EVE

'Unpredictable'? You're about as unpredictable as the tide.

(detached)

How long are you going to be gone this time?

CASTOR

Gone?

EVE

Isn't that what all this is about? The wine, cooking me dinner -- your next assignment?

CASTOR

I'm not going anywhere.

EVE

You always say that -- then you leave.

CASTOR

I bet I deserved that. I bet Jon Archer is the most inattentive, sexless spouse on Earth.

EVE

Jon, that's not true --

Eve looks up -- he lays it on even thicker.

CASTOR

Of course it's true, but I'm trying to change. I'm here because I want to be alone with you. I want to see the candlelight dance in your beautiful --

Uh-oh. Castor can't tell the color of Eve's eyes. He leans in 'romantically' -- but we know the real reason.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

103

CASTOR

-- brown eyes.

He smells her hair, then her shoulders, her skin. She's aroused, but wary. So Castor goes in for the kill.

CASTOR

I wanted it all to be just right... when I told you about my promotion.

EVE

-- what?

CASTOR

It's not official yet, but it looks like Lazarro's decided to -- retire. And guess who's replacing him?

EVE

Jon... that's wonderful.

CASTOR

So you see, I'm not going anywhere. Unless it's upstairs with you...

104 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

104

Castor carries Eve into the shower and spins on the water.

EVE

You're wearing your suit --

CASTOR

Call me spontaneous.

There's nothing she can do as he rips her blouse apart -- on her like a vulture to carrion. They drop to the floor of the stall -- water filling up around them.

CASTOR

Baby, it's like I'm having you for the first time.

Dirty water runs down a floor drain... PULL BACK to:

105 INT. EREWHON PRISON - POPULATION - NIGHT

105

Desolate, Archer mops down the rec area.

(CONTINUED)

105

CONTINUED:

105

ARCHER

Don't they ever let us take off
these boots?

VOISINE

Not unless you're sent to the
'Clinic.'

ARCHER

You mean if I get sick?

VOISINE

They don't give two fucks about
your health. The Clinic's where
they send the real hard-cases for
attitude adjustment. Dubov just
got sent down -- and look at
Wainwright --

VOISINE gestures to a dazed inmate nearby -- WAINWRIGHT
-- who sits in a corner -- gnawing at his knuckles.

VOISINE

Toughest bastard I ever saw --
after you, of course. Now he's a
fucking drool case.

ARCHER

What did he do?

VOISINE

He hit a guard.

Archer sees Walton hovering nearby. Archer heads for
him.

WALTON

Looking for trouble, Castor?

ARCHER

As a matter of fact -- yes.

Crack! Archer decks Walton.

106

INT. PRISON - POPULATION - NIGHT

106

Walton and a guard herd Archer toward a steel door.

107

INT. "CLINIC" - NIGHT

107

Archer is dumped on the floor. He see he's lying in a
puddle of something. He looks up -- and recoils.

(CONTINUED)

ARCHER'S POV - DUBOV

is strapped to a vertical gurney -- post-procedure. His limbs are stiff, his eyes blank as a mako shark's. But his feet are bare -- bootless.

MED-TECH

Where's the mop, he puked all over the place.

An assistant unstraps Dubov and drops him on a gurney.

MED-TECH

(mopping up)

-- next time, bring them in before dinner...

Archer cases the place: above is a catwalk... leading out. Walton muscles Archer into the gurney. The MED-TECH smirks.

MED-TECH

Oh happy day -- Castor Troy. Too bad Jon Archer isn't here to see this...

The Med-Tech wheels the ECT head-gear cart into place: twin needle-like bolts ready to fit into Archer's ears. A single blue static spark jumps from the bolts.

Walton roughly wedges Archer's head into the head gear, shoving the chewed-up bite strap into Archer's mouth.

WALTON

Bite hard, scumbag, 'cause you'll be gumming baby food from here on out.

MED-TECH

Get his boots, Sergeant.

Walton unlocks Archer's first boot and pulls it off. As the Med-Tech starts to fasten Archer's arm -- Walton unlocks and pulls off the second boot.

Archer's feet are free. Crack! He yanks his foot up hard -- Walton reels back, stunned.

One arm still restrained, Archer backrolls in the gurney and kicks the head-gear cart away -- knocking it into the Med-Tech who collapses onto it, hitting "Test" --

ZAP! The HEAD-BOLTS FIRE, catching the Med-Tech through the shoulder -- he drops to the floor, his synapses shot.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2)

107

Seeing that Archer is still restrained by the arm -- the assistant darts out of the room.

As Archer pulls free -- Walton looms over him -- gun poised.

Then -- wham! Dubov wallops Walton -- using his boots as brass knuckles. The head guard collapses.

Dubov smiles dumbly at Archer -- all trace of vendetta now obliterated. Archer nods gratefully -- they're on the same team... at least for now.

Suddenly the ALARM BLARES.

Archer sees guards charging the room. He tries closing the door -- but the guards arrive. Dubov lumbers over and puts his massive weight into it -- and slams the door shut.

O.S., guards pound at the now-locked door.

Archer quickly frisks Walton -- -- coming up with a cigarette lighter. He pockets it.

Scanning around -- Archer leaps onto a mounted, hinged lamp. It swings against the wall. Archer uses it to reach the catwalk above.

ARCHER

Dubov -- come on!

Dubov obeys -- and follows Archer up onto the catwalk.

A groggy Walton muscles open the door from inside. Guards pour in. Walton grabs an AUTO-RIFLE and opens FIRE.

SLUGS chase Archer and Dubov as they flee through the catwalk door.

108 INT. CENTRAL SECURITY CONTROL

108

Two guards watch Archer and Dubov disappear off the clinic's monitor. They grab their shock-sticks and rush for the door.

The door opens -- revealing Dubov and Archer. Perfectly in synch -- they double cold-cock the startled guards. Archer grabs a shock-stick -- and fuses the door-lock.

(CONTINUED)

108

CONTINUED:

108

He yanks out wires and shatters the computers. Dubov mimics the behavior -- ripping out an entire console -- and revealing a narrow cable duct.

Flames explode -- shorting the circuitry -- the DRONING HUM RISES -- the magnetic power monitor shows a dangerous surge.

AROUND PRISON

Chaos. Guards scatter as the huge diamond-vision SCREEN EXPLODES and inmates are flung like rag-dolls by their short-circuiting boots. Anything metallic flies into the magnetic domes.

SECURITY CENTRAL

As the men back through the cable duct -- Archer struggles to replace the heavy console.

The DOOR is BLOWN open. Walton enters to find... no one. Then his eyes light on the console -- slightly askew.

109

INT. CABLE-CORRIDOR

109

Archer and Dubov rush down the tight corridor -- and around the bend. The corridor ends in a...

110

STORAGE/MAINTENANCE AREA

110

Lined with tools, toilets, sinks, a rack of old lock-down boots. They race through the far door...

111

INT. CENTRAL TOWER ROOM

111

Archer and Dubov find themselves in a multi-level labyrinth. A hundred feet high -- criss-crossed with catwalks, staircases and high walls.

ECHOES resound -- SHOUTING, FOOTSTEPS GETTING CLOSER -- they seem to be coming from all around them.

Over the magnetic HUM -- Archer notices loose screws and other metal debris stuck to the sheer wall. He pulls one screw away -- and lets it fly back into the polarized wall.

Archer gets an idea -- and looks back the way they came.

SMASH CUT:

112 SHEER WALL

112

Archer and Dubov scale the face -- using the old metal boots. They climb higher and higher as...

Guards criss-cross the catwalks and staircases below and around them -- oblivious.

Archer and Dubov almost reach the next level when...

WALTON

There!

BULLETS SMACK the wall around them -- just as Archer and Dubov reach the next catwalk.

Archer spots the emergency exit security door at the far end. But four guards descend on them -- and block their way.

Fist fight as Archer and Dubov take on the attacking guards. Archer heaves one down the stairs -- into more guards. Dubov drops another over the catwalk.

They continue their desperate race for the door -- reaching the landing. As BULLETS PING around them -- hulking Dubov rips away a floor panel. He uses it as a shield as Archer sparks up Walton's lighter.

As SLUGS EXPLODE into the shield -- Archer places the flame to his thumb... and peels off the skin mold.

He presses his thumb to the door's keypad. To his horror, its LED reads "print unreadable."

Walton and guards move in, FIRING at closer and closer range.

Dubov staggers under the FUSILLADE OF BULLETS. The shield is repeatedly punctured -- and is quickly disintegrating.

Archer licks his thumb and tries again. Finally it reads "Clearance Confirmed. Please Enter Code." He punches a series of numbers in and... the door slides open.

ARCHER

Let's go!

Dubov heaves the shield at the encroaching guards -- but as he turns to follow... Walton BLOWS him away.

Archer reaches to pull Dubov through, but the riddled inmate ignores the helping hand. Pulling the door shut, he collapses in front of it -- blocking it momentarily.

113 INT. HIGH CATWALK TOWER

113

Archer hesitates for a moment... but that's all he has. He keeps going... up the winding staircase-catwalk -- higher and higher -- a step ahead of the onrushing guards.

As BULLETS CLANG around him -- Archer reaches the top. He ignores a sign which reads...

EMERGENCY EXIT ONLY
SAFETY LINES REQUIRED

He charges straight up a ladder and plows right through --

SMASH CUT:

114 EXT. PRISON - DAWN

114

Archer's blinded -- it's daytime in the real world.

A seagull flies across his face -- as we FOLLOW the bird...

PULL WAY, WAY BACK to reveal:

The prison's in the middle of the goddamn ocean, in what appears to be just an abandoned, rusty oil rig platform.

Archer rushes over to a transport chopper.

115 INSIDE COCKPIT

115

Archer searches for the keys. No go. He throws switches. Nothing works.

Guards pour out of the hatch -- FIRING. Archer leaps from the chopper and jumps over the side to the platform's --

116 LOWER LEVEL

116

He lands hard on the slanted, corrugated shed roof and rolls to the ground. He grabs a high-pressure hose -- and cranks the pressure valve -- as the pursuing guards close in.

Archer BLASTS the guards with the WATER CANNON -- knocking several into the sea. Archer upends a stack of oil barrels -- which roll into more guards. Archer spots:

117 TUGBOAT

117

pulling a Zodiac dinghy -- heading out to sea.

Archer runs up a stack of pipes to the south rail -- where the end of a crane's hook is tagged back. Under FIRE -- Archer frees the hook, which swings away from the platform.

Hanging on to the hook, it swings him out over the ocean. At the apex -- he lets go and plummets down into...

118 CHOPPY SEA

118

He pulls himself into the ZODIAC and frees it from the tug. It ROARS off.

119 EXT. ZODIAC - MOVING - DAY

119

The nylon craft zips through the waves -- approaching San Pedro Harbor. The ENGINE SPUTTERS... low on gas.

ARCHER

Come on... come on...

Archer senses something... He looks up and...

Whoosh! Something swoops down -- but it's just a pelican.

He FIDDLES with the ENGINE -- which finally DIES. Archer grabs the oars -- about to start rowing when --

120 ANOTHER ANGLE

120

Another swoop! This time it's the prison chopper.

Archer spots a string of buoys dotting the harbor. An idea.

WIDE SHOT: The chopper settles over the Zodiac.

Wind and water swirl around Archer...

Chopper: Walton, drenched but obviously rescued, has Archer in his sights...

WALTON

South, north, east, west. You've got nowhere to go --

He starts to FIRE his MACHINE GUNS...

Zodiac: BULLETS RAIN down on the boat -- destroying it -- as Archer slips into the water next to a buoy.

121 UNDERWATER

121

Using the buoy chain, Archer pulls himself deeper and deeper into the depths of the sea -- while BULLETS SHRED the water around him. Finally -- we see what he's doing:

122 ARCHER'S POV - COMMUTER TRAIN TUBE

122

He swims to the maintenance hatch. Archer strains -- it won't open!

123 INSIDE CHOPPER

123

Walton flips open a switch cover -- his finger lighting on a red button marked "missile one."

124 INTERCUT - ARCHER AND MISSILE

124

Lungs bursting -- Archer finally loosens the hatch. He starts to crank it as... The MISSILE EXPLODES FORTH from the chopper's launch pod. Archer keeps turning the handle.

He looks up to see -- the missile coming fast... Archer swims into the hatch just as -- the MISSILE streaks by -- and EXPLODES harmlessly on the ocean floor.

125 INT. EMERGENCY SERVICE BAY - DAY

125

Archer pops out of the airlock -- gasping for breath. He collapses -- exhausted. Then slowly climbs the ladder...

He opens the interior door and -- BOOM! The commuter TRAIN RUSHES by at an insane speed, inches from his face. In another second -- it's gone.

Archer runs into the tunnel and disappears down the track.

126 INT. ARCHER HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

126

Eve's asleep. Castor, dressed, looks down at her like Cortez at Montezuma -- triumphant, with overwhelming power.

CASTOR

Use it or lose it, Jon.

127 EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

127

Heading for the car, Castor is about to light up a smoke when --

EVE (O.S.)

Last night, I thought -- this
isn't my husband.

He pockets the smoke. Eve is there, dressed soberly.

EVE

Then I woke up in the middle of
the night -- and found you passed
out in the study.

CASTOR

I couldn't sleep -- you roll
around a lot.

(jingles car keys)

Anyway, I'm late.

EVE

Jon, it's the tenth. I know how
difficult this is for you, but we
still have to go.

CASTOR

Can't we skip it just this once?
I gotta 'protect and serve', you
know?

EVE

'Protect and serve' later. You're
going.

CASTOR

Okay, if you insist. But -- you
drive.

He climbs into the front seat beside her.

128 INT./EXT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

128

A pastoral, hilly area near the coast.

CASTOR

So who's this Karl creep Jamie's
been seeing? He's a little old
for her, isn't he?

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

EVE

I don't know... they're about the
same ages we were when we met.

(smiles)

Remember the all-night dentist?

CASTOR

Sure, how could I forget?

(changes subject)

By the way, you never said
anything about last night...

He moves closer, stroking her hair as his BEEPER sounds.

EVE

Aren't you going to get that?

He turns his beeper off, then touches her lips with his
finger. Without knowing exactly why, Eve tenses up.

EVE

Jon -- this is hardly the time or
place.

Castor looks around in surprise because he sees she's
driving into --

129 SPRAWLING MEMORIAL PARK

129

They drive through the gates -- passing a church marked
"ST. MARY'S-BY-THE-SEA."

130 EXT. ST. MARY'S CEMETERY - DAY

130

Rolling seaside bluffs. It's beautiful here, striking
and sad. Now on foot, Castor follows Eve up a bluff,
through a phalanx of graves -- with no idea where she's
leading him.

Finally she stops at a crucifix-topped headstone. Castor
joins her and reads the etched marble stone:

Matthew Archer, Age 5
Beloved Son & Brother
We Cherish You Always

Stunned, Castor, as Eve kneels on the grass, clearing
weeds and leaves from the marker.

EVE

Happy birthday, Matty...

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

She places a few child's toys on the marker... a shark... a little bulldozer... a spaceship. Overwhelmed with grief, she collapses into Castor.

EVE

He took our baby, Jon. He took
our little boy.

FULL SCREEN - CASTOR'S FACE

He stares at the grave of the boy he killed -- the boy whose mother is weeping into his chest.

The ever-present smirk is long gone as Castor stiffly returns Eve's embrace -- maybe, just maybe, feeling the victim's pain.

CASTOR

Stop crying... stop crying...
stop...

131 INT. FBI BULLPEN - DAY

131

Shaking off his funk, Castor arrives at the office.

WANDA

Commander! You picked a helluva
day to leave your beeper off!

CASTOR

What happened?

WANDA

Castor's escaped!

CASTOR

Escaped? From Erewhon?

For the first time, we see Castor shaken -- staggered almost. But it only shows for an instant.

CASTOR

I want our entire force on this.
And alert the L.A.P.D.

BUZZ

L.A.P.D.? Castor isn't stupid
enough to come back to the city.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

CASTOR
Trust me, he's already here.
(off their reaction)
Move!

As the team springs into action, Castor hustles out.

132 EXT. GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY - PARKING LOT - DAY

132

Castor, Pollux, and the twins confab.

CASTOR
Watch my 'wife'. He'll try to get
to her first.

LARS
You want us to work side-by-side
with the feds?

CASTOR
Why not -- you're both on the
payroll now. And don't fuck
around -- if you see him -- just
kill him.

They climb into their Rover -- leaving the brothers
alone.

POLLUX
What about me?

CASTOR
People think you're a snitch.
It's too dangerous...

POLLUX
Like I care? I'm not just sitting
here!

Determined, Pollux heads for his car. Castor stops him.

CASTOR
Take my Glock. It's a jungle out
there.

Castor slaps his weapon in his brother's palm -- Castor's
gesture of filial love. Pollux takes it -- touched.

133 INT. METRO RAIL PLATFORM - NIGHT

133

Archer emerges from the tunnel -- into the crowd of
yuppies, vagrants and weirdos.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

Each step is an exercise in paranoia. Now the hunted, Archer seems to draw looks from everyone.

Passing a commuter's newspaper, he's stunned to see...

BOMB HERO LANDS NEW POST
Promoted to FBI's West Coast Chief

And a photo of "himself." The commuter glares at this disheveled, damp man. Head down, Archer hurries off.

134 EXT. TITO'S STREET - NIGHT

134

Archer's heart sinks as he sees the yellow police cordon taped across Tito's front door. Some teenage cholos notice him -- so Archer keeps right on going.

135 INT. TITO'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

135

A rear window is forced open -- Archer pulls himself in. In the dim light, he sees the bullet hole on the wall... then the blood stains within the forensics chalk marks.

He buckles and has to sit down. Taking a deep breath, he picks up the phone and dials.

ARCHER
Dr. Archer please. It's an
emergency.
(listens)
-- Her husband.

Archer waits. He pinches his throat -- trying to dislodge the vocal implant. His voice scrambles into garbled static...

ARCHER
Hello, Eve -- I know this sounds
crazy, but --
(reverting back)
Dammit.

136 INT. HOSPITAL - ER - NIGHT

136

Eve deftly stitches a gash above tough IRIS's (8) eye.

IRIS
Will I still be able to wear
makeup like Daddy?

(CONTINUED)

Eve glances up at "Daddy" -- a skinhead with thick black mascara eyelids. He's high on something.

EVE

There won't be a scar, sweetie.

She smiles tenderly and gives Iris a space-pop, noting the bruises on the child's arms. A NURSE enters.

NURSE

Dr. Archer -- your husband's on three.

EVE

Get Child Services down here --
and don't let the raccoon leave.
(goes to wall-phone)
Jon? Hello?

INTERCUT Archer and Eve as necessary.

ARCHER

Eve, listen carefully. The man
you think is your husband --
isn't.

EVE

Who is this?

ARCHER

Please, just listen! Take Jamie
and go to your mother's in Santa
Fe. Don't tell him where you're
going -- just go.

EVE

(hanging up)

Whoever you are -- don't call
again...

CLICK. Archer sags in futility. A SIREN snaps him back to reality. Archer goes to the window and carefully peers out.

A squad CAR ROARS INTO VIEW -- then continues on its way.

Archer moves into high gear. He pulls clothes out of Tito's closet. Too small, but better than prison garb.

He rifles through the desk. Finding a key -- Archer opens a hidden lock box. Inside are bullets -- but no gun. Then he spots... car keys.

137 EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

137

The automatic door lifts -- revealing Tito's cherry '56 Buick. The big V-8 RUMBLES as Archer pulls out. He doesn't get far as ... menacing CHOLOS block his way.

CHOLO #1

Where are you going?

CHOLO #2

Ten bucks he's the guy who whacked Tito!

The Cholos surround the Buick. Archer's cornered like an animal as the angry teens pound on the windows.

Archer HITS the GAS -- scattering all except Cholo #1 who jumps on the hood. Archer SLAMS the BRAKES -- sending the guy flying. He lands hard, but is only shaken up.

As Archer roars off in the Buick, Cholo #1 dusts himself off and pulls out his cell phone.

CHOLO #1

9-1-1? I want to report a stolen car and don't put me on hold!

138 INT./EXT. BUICK - MOVING - NIGHT

138

Archer drives on -- listening to KFWB.

RADIO REPORTER (V.O.)

... the escapee is considered extremely dangerous. If you have any information concerning the whereabouts of Castor Troy...

He SHUTS it OFF as he sees in the distance:

139 HIS OWN HOME

139

FBI and LAPD vehicles are parked in front. Lars and Lunt chat amiably on the porch. No way he's getting near there.

In his rearview mirror Archer spots a cop car approaching from behind. He quickly turns a corner.

The cop car cruises slowly past...

ARCHER

No, Jon... you have to think like Castor. Where would he go...?

Archer gets an idea. But as he drives on -- the cop car backs up -- and reappears INTO FRAME.

140 EXT. MELROSE DISTRICT - NIGHT 140

Dietrich locks up his chic art gallery. He gets in his Lexus and drives out of the parking lot.

141 INT./EXT. STREET - LEXUS - NIGHT 141

Dietrich slows down to check out the forensics team swarming all over Tito's parked Buick. Dietrich quickly averts his face as he spots... "Jon Archer" inspecting Tito's Buick.

DIETRICH

Jon Archer... some poor schmuck's
in big trouble.

ARCHER (O.S.)

Yeah -- me.

With surprising speed, Dietrich yanks a pistol from someplace and jerks around --

Archer -- hunkered down in the back seat -- stares into the barrel of Dietrich's pistol.

DIETRICH

Jesus Christ, Castor.

ARCHER

Drive. And punch up your
cellular -- I need you to make
some calls.

The Lexus snakes around the crime scene and speeds off.

142 EXT. DOWNTOWN - LOFT - NIGHT (LATER) 142

A Limo rolls through the low-rent streets, stopping in front of a gentrified loft. Fitch and Aldo emerge with sexy, tough Cindee and LIVIA and their four bodyguards.

143 INT. DIETRICH'S LOFT - BATHROOM - NIGHT 143

Archer splashes water on his face -- then stops and listens as the DOORBELL RINGS. O.S. Dietrich lets in his guests.

ALDO (O.S.)

Okay, Dietrich -- what's the big
secret?

Archer looks in the mirror and screws up his courage.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

ARCHER

You're Castor Troy... This is your
old crew -- you don't take shit
and you don't take no for an
answer...

Emboldened, he puffs up his chest and struts out.

144

INT. DIETRICH'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

144

Dominated by an enormous, in-progress mural and stunning
glass-bricked floor. Archer strides in -- and faces the
gang. Aldo and Fitch are stunned. Livia and Cindee
beam.

FITCH

Are you crazy? You're going to
bring the Feds down on all of us!

ARCHER

Archer doesn't want you, he wants
me! But I'm going to get him
first -- with your help.

ALDO

Forget it -- you're radioactive.

He turns to leave. Archer wheels him around and smashes
him into the wall. Aldo goes for his gun, but Archer's
too quick -- he strips him of it.

The bodyguards draw their weapons -- and surround Archer.

ARCHER

You wanna face-off with Castor
Troy? Come on, then! Come on!
'Cause I've had a real bad day...

Four against one -- and everyone's sweating but Archer.
One-by-one, the bodyguards back off. Archer points the
gun at Aldo -- then smiles and gives it back.

ARCHER

You dumb fucks are forgetting who
the real enemy is.

(to Aldo)

Six months ago, Jon Archer hauled
you in for questioning. He
rattled you so bad -- you shit
your Armani suit right there in
the interrogation room.

Aldo blanches -- how did Castor know that? Fitch howls.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

ARCHER

You laugh, Fitch -- the way Archer laughed at your last arraignment, when you got down on your knees and tried to blow your way to freedom.

Stunned, Fitch cringes as everybody cracks up.

ARCHER

We all have a reason to hate Jon Archer. We all want to see him dead. This is our chance.

DIETRICH

Tell 'em what you've got in mind.

ARCHER

We start with your basic kidnapping. Then -- a little surgery.

FITCH

Surgery?

ARCHER

I'm going to rearrange his face in a way you won't believe.

ALDO

You're an evil bitch, Caz. But you've got balls of titanium.

Fitch and Aldo both slap an arm around Archer.

ALDO

Count us in.

Archer sighs with relief -- pleased with his performance.

145 FULL SCREEN - BLUE CAPSULE

145

Dietrich cracks it open -- powder sifts into a big high-ball glass filled with mescal. He hands it to Archer.

DIETRICH

How about one of your famous toasts, Caz?

They all look expectantly at Archer... he's at a loss.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

ARCHER

Uh, to old jobs, new jobs and --
uh -- blow jobs?

Silence. Then they crack up -- as Archer gulps it down
in one swallow. He wipes his mouth.

LIVIA

Enough business, Caz. We wanna
dance.

ARCHER

Sorry... I don't...

She drags him onto the glass floor. Cindee puts on some
MUSIC as Archer's head begins to spin. The girls start
"dancing," grinding Archer between their taut bodies. He
tries to avoid it, but Livia kisses him -- hot, moist.

LIVIA

Remember the Charger's game, Caz?
The owners box? We did it four
times.

ARCHER

Sure I remember... Once a quarter,
right?

Archer staggers away, past a series of abstract
paintings. The twisted renderings make his head spin
worse... as he stumbles down the stairs -- toward the
kitchen.

DIETRICH

When even Castor Troy can't handle
a tab of Quantrex...
(raises his glass)
That, dear friends, is the first
sorry whiff of old age.

146 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

146

Archer has his mouth under the tap -- drinking greedily.
Woozy, he takes a breath... and notices a reflection in
the window above the sink. Archer turns to see -- Sasha.

ARCHER

-- Sasha Hassler. Age 35. Met
Castor Troy in Austin, Texas, at
Pearl Jam reunion...
(catches himself)
Uh, how you doing, baby?

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

She responds by slapping him -- hard.

SASHA

What the hell are you doing here?
You're supposed to be dead...

He wobbles, then falls flat on his face. Out cold.

147 INT. ARCHER'S HOME - BALCONY - NIGHT

147

Castor's chain-smoking, looking out over the city -- wondering where Archer might be hiding. But something breaks his rumination. He sees --

148 DOWN STREET

148

A BMW pulls up to the curb. The THUMPING MUSIC from within GOES QUIET, but no one emerges.

149 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

149

Curious, Castor approaches the car, keeping a safe distance. He can see Jamie inside, struggling with Karl.

JAMIE

No... Karl, please.

He "shushes" Jamie -- but doesn't stop pawing her.

JAMIE

My father -- he's got a gun --
he'll -- he'll --

KARL

(pulls open belt)
That wimp won't do shit.

SMASH! The passenger WINDOW EXPLODES inward. Castor drags Karl out by his hair. Jamie scrambles out and flees toward the house as...

CASTOR

Who are you to call Jon Archer a wimp?

Castor heaves Karl into the WINDSHIELD -- SPIDER-WEBBING it. Somehow the kid finds his feet and stumbles behind the wheel. The Beemer lurches away.

150 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

150

Castor enters to find Jamie, still shaken up.

CASTOR

What are you -- stupid?

JAMIE

That's just like you. Some guy tries to rape me -- and you side with him.

CASTOR

Did it look like I was siding with him? Did it?

(as she falls silent)

You want to play with scummy organ grinders, you better be prepared. Do you have protection?

JAMIE

You mean like... condoms?

CASTOR

I mean like protection.

With a fluid motion, Castor expertly SNAPS open a well-oiled SWITCHBLADE and hands it to an astonished Jamie.

JAMIE

For me?

CASTOR

Next time -- slip it in low, then twist it -- so the wound doesn't close.

He's completely flustered as she hugs him tight.

CASTOR

Uh -- now, brush your bed and go to teeth -- it's a school night.

Jamie kisses him and heads up the stairs. After she's gone...

CASTOR

No wonder he spent all his time chasing me. Who can deal with his family shit?

The PHONE RINGS. He picks it up.

CASTOR

Jon Archer.

(immediately alert)

Where is he?

151 EXT. LOFT - ACROSS STREET - NIGHT

151

Using night-vision goggles, Pollux watches Sasha close her drapes. Visible in the b.g. on the sofa -- is Archer.

POLLUX

(into cell phone)
-- I thought he might visit some old friends of yours. And bro, if I didn't know better -- I'd swear this guy likes being you...

152 INT. SASHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

152

Archer wakens. Sasha is tugging off his ill-fitting pants.

ARCHER

Uh -- can't we just talk?

SASHA

Talk? The only talk I ever heard from you was 'take it off,' 'sit on it,' 'I'll pay you tomorrow.'

She pulls out some fresh clothes -- and dumps them on him.

SASHA

Take off the rest of those kiddie-clothes and get dressed. Then get out.

ARCHER

Not until I finish my business with your brother.

SASHA

And in the meantime, if Jon Archer finds out I've seen you -- I'll lose my son.

For the first time, Archer sees not a hardened felon -- but a frightened, protective mother. And he realizes the effect his own relentless obsession has had on her.

ARCHER

I know I've done some things that made your life harder...

SASHA

How would you? You walked out without even leaving me a Post-it.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

ARCHER

I'm not the same person you
remember. And for what it's
worth, I'm sorry...

Her harsh looks softens imperceptively -- like that of a
woman trying to hate someone she still loves. ADAM
enters and heads for his toy bin as Archer finishes
dressing.

ARCHER

Not a bad fit.

SASHA

They should. They're yours.

ARCHER

Nice-looking kid.

SASHA

Of course he is...

Sasha fidgets, struggling with a deep inner turmoil.
Then...

SASHA

... he's yours, too.

Archer's face pales over in shock.

153 EXT. SASHA'S ROOM - NIGHT

153

Their silhouettes are visible against the shades.

PULL BACK...

154 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

154

Castor, Buzz, Wanda and Loomis peer at the silhouettes.

CASTOR

(into cellular)
We've got him sighted. Okay,
Pollux, pull out.

BUZZ

What makes you so sure this guy's
gonna set up his own brother?

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

CASTOR

I've never been more certain of anything. Get everyone in position. Remember -- shoot to kill.

Buzz starts to object -- but Castor's steely eyes say "don't argue -- that's an order."

BUZZ

You heard the commander -- let's saddle up!

Buzz and Wanda move off -- leaving Loomis with Caster.

155 INT. SASHA'S ROOM - NIGHT

155

Playing with his toys, Adam does not see Archer's icy gaze.

ARCHER

How old is he?

SASHA

Five. No one knows you're his father. I thought someone might want to hurt him -- just to hurt you...

ADAM

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Startled, they turn to see Adam pointing a toy gun at them. Upset, she takes it from his hands.

SASHA

You know Mommy doesn't like you playing with these things...

She kicks the toy aside and lifts Adam -- offering him to Archer. Awkwardly, Archer takes the boy.

SASHA

Adam, this is your father.

Archer's emotions avalanche as his grip tightens -- his big hands dwarfing the little boy's body.

SASHA

You're not holding him right...
Caz...

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

155

Archer isn't hearing Sasha. He's lost in his own memory... the sound of a CAROUSEL... a KID'S LAUGHTER... a GUNSHOT...

Then Adam smiles -- perhaps the way Matthew once smiled. It pulls something up from inside Archer -- something strong. He regains control, dumping the child into Sasha's arms.

ARCHER

He's not my son.

SASHA

Yes, he is -- !

Then something alerts Archer -- maybe the fleeting shadows that blow out the window-light for the barest second.

ARCHER

Get down!

K-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! The WINDOW PANES SHATTER -- as TEARGAS GRENADES and GUNFIRE riddles the loft.

156 OUTSIDE

156

across the way, Castor directs the FIREPOWER.

157 INT. UPPER LEVEL

157

Chaos. A bodyguard is mowed down. Dietrich and the others scatter and hit the floor.

158 KITCHEN

158

Cindee and Fitch are caught in flagrante delicto on the floor as the kitchen is decimated by GUNFIRE...

159 SASHA'S BEDROOM

159

Coughing, Archer crawls through the roiling smoke toward the door. He's almost out when...

SASHA

Adam!

Her wail of fear freezes Archer. He looks back -- and sees Adam in the eye of the firestorm.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

Archer's face betrays his conflict. A child -- but his worst enemy's child.

BULLETS SHRED the WALL around Adam. Getting closer.

Archer moves -- he crawls toward Adam.

Just then -- a SWAT agent rappels in through one of the shattered windows, his weapon poised. Archer kicks him hard, pitching him back through the window.

Archer grabs Adam -- curling him into his body. Thinking fast, he soaks his discarded T-shirt into a toppled flower vase -- then places it over Adam's face. Protecting him.

He rushes to Sasha. Together, they barrel through the soft, paper-wall and tear out an escape route.

160 INT. KITCHEN

160

FIRING out the window, Fitch is riddled from outside by an agent as he CRASHES through the WINDOW.

Cindee slashes the agent with a cleaver. He FIRES -- BLASTING Cindee into the refrigerator.

161 LOWER LEVEL

161

Archer hustles Sasha and Adam toward the staircase when --

162 FRONT DOOR

162

explodes open. SWAT agents swarm to get in -- FIRING and throwing FLASH-GRENADES.

163 ARCHER, SASHA AND ADAM

163

are caught out in the open, when --

164 UPPER LEVEL

164

Dietrich, et al, open FIRE down on the attacking agents. Agents drop or are driven back out.

165 SKYLIGHT

165

BURSTS open and agents rappel down -- FIRING. Aldo's bodyguard falls, riddled, off the upper level.

166 LOWER LEVEL

166

as one agent lands, Archer knocks his gun to the floor. They grapple. As the agent reaches for it -- Adam appears and kicks the gun away. Just like Mommy.

167 SASHA

167

scoops up the kicked weapon -- and cold-cocks another rappelling agent. Then she FIRES, cutting a third rappelling agent's rope. He drops hard to the floor -- unconscious.

Still grappling, Archer rips off the agent's gas-mask...

ARCHER

Buzz...

Buzz's eyes reveal only hatred. He reaches for his knife. Archer hesitates, then heaves Buzz through the glass door. He pushes Adam upstairs as more agents pour in the front door.

ARCHER

Dietrich! The painting!

168 UPPER LEVEL

168

Dietrich sees the canvas mural above the breached front door -- and understands. He opens FIRE, cutting loose the mural. It collapses, billowing -- and enshrouds the attacking agents -- and buying time.

DIETRICH

Let's go!

Archer and Sasha flee up the stairs.

169 ANOTHER ANGLE

169

Sasha sees Adam huddled in the middle of the glass floor -- the shadows of agents moving below.

SASHA

Adam!

170 LOWER LEVEL

170

An agent aims his shotgun at the glass floor -- at the "target" kneeling on top of it.

171 UPPER LEVEL

171

Archer dives and grabs the boy as the GLASS FLOOR EXPLODES up. He rolls through a shower of glass -- but comes up with Adam safely.

Agents and thugs FIRE blindly upward and downward through the floor -- desperate to hit their targets.

Agents open FIRE from the girders supporting the roof -- cutting down Fitch's last bodyguard.

DIETRICH

They're like cockroaches!

Dietrich, Aldo and Livia toss SMOKE GRENADES into the loft -- covering their escape.

172 TOP LEVEL

172

Dietrich leads them to the very back of the loft. He pulls open a hidden door.

DIETRICH

If we make it, we'll meet up at the Topanga place. You better move, Caz.

Archer hands Adam over to Sasha. She hugs her little boy -- then embraces Archer tightly. Hanging on -- near tears -- because she knows this may be the last time.

SASHA

Thank you, Caz... thank you...

ARCHER

Get the boy out of here...

Livia and the remaining bodyguard hustle Archer out --

173 INT. ROTUNDA - NIGHT

173

MAC-10 poised, Livia and the bodyguard rush Archer through the deserted rotunda -- BOOM! BOOM! His escorts drop.

Castor rushes down the marble staircase -- right at Archer. Castor turns the pistol on him -- too late!

They slam together -- fighting over the PISTOL. It EMPTIES into the skylight above. GLASS RAINS over them.

Archer slugs Castor, staggering him.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

173

ARCHER

Stay away from my family.

Castor recovers fast -- pounding Archer.

CASTOR

Too late -- your kid loves me.
And your wife's an animal. I
can't keep up with her.

Castor shoves Archer's head toward a jagged piece of glass.

CASTOR

Tonight I'm going to make her come
like Niagara Falls -- to celebrate
your death.

Wrong thing to say. Shot full of adrenalin, Archer
heaves Castor off of him. He lands in a pile of broken
skylight.

LOOMIS (O.S.)

Commander! Where are you?

Loomis rushes in -- sees "Castor." Archer dives for a
doorway as Loomis FIRES his M-16 GRENADE-LAUNCHER.

Boom! the GRENADE EXPLODES -- the doorway bursts into
flames -- but Archer has made it through.

Loomis tries to help up Castor -- who pushes him off
angrily. Castor can't follow through the flames.

174 EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

174

Archer exits the interior stairwell and runs along the
length of the roof to the opposite fire escape railing.

The coast looks clear... but as he turns he finds himself
looking right into the barrel of Pollux's pistol.

POLLUX

Peek-a-boo, dumb fuck.

Pollux kicks Archer hard. Archer plunges -- but manages
to hang on by his fingertips.

POLLUX

Remember me? Your baby brother?

Pollux steps down -- grinding Archer's fingers into the
steel fire escape rung.

175 EXT. COURTYARD BELOW - NIGHT

175

Castor and Loomis emerge. Loomis aims his machine-pistol -- but Castor stops him.

CASTOR

Wait for a better shot.

176 ON ROOF

176

Pollux puts his full weight down on Archer's hand. In agony, Archer sees his one chance --

The rusted rivets that fix the fire escape to the brick wall. Archer plants his feet on the wall and pushes as Pollux cocks his pistol -- aiming right at Archer's head.

POLLUX

You tricked me into telling you things I never told anyone. Now take it to your grave.

The rivets strain -- then give. With a shriek, the fire escape pulls away. Pollux loses his balance --

177 ANOTHER ANGLE - COURTYARD

177

Pollux plunges and pancakes onto the courtyard.

CASTOR

Pollux...

Pollux is almost gone. Castor looks up and sees --

178 ARCHER

178

scrambling over the ledge onto the roof.

179 CASTOR

179

OPENS FIRE --

180 ARCHER

180

ducks the bullets as he disappears over the lip.

181 EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

181

Castor desperately holds Pollux -- to no avail. Pollux slips away... and dies. He turns to Loomis...

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

181

CASTOR

Get a medic -- now!

LOOMIS

Forget him, sir. It's only Pollux
Troy...

Castor snaps. Without hesitation, he jerks up his GUN and PUTS a BULLET right in the middle of Loomis's forehead.

Castor looks at the dead kid -- his rage barely abated as -- Buzz and Wanda arrive on the scene and see Loomis's body.

WANDA

What happened?

CASTOR

What the fuck do you think
happened? Castor Troy just shot
him!

(beat)

What are you waiting for? Go!

After Buzz and Wanda take off -- Castor gathers Pollux up in his arms -- totally devastated.

182 INT. FBI - ARCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

182

Alone -- Castor picks up the framed photo of Eve and Jamie -- staring at it with unbridled hatred.

Fury rising, he crumples the frame -- and the photo -- in his clenching fist. He hurls it, choking back his rage.

Only then does Castor notice Lazarro standing in the doorway. For how long -- he can't be sure. The older man holds a packing box -- clearly on his way out.

CASTOR

What is it, Admiral?

LAZARRO

Just wanted to wish you good
luck... before I fade away.

(beat)

You deserve the job. You were
right about the bomb... you were
right about where Castor would
hide... you were even right about
that stool-pigeon Pollux.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LAZARRO (CONT'D)

(beat)

You were only wrong about a few
little things...

CASTOR

The suspense is killing me.

Castor casually closes the blinds between the offices.

LAZARRO

You start meeting with Brodie and
Miller. Then they die when the
Hoag Clinic burns down. Your best
friend is murdered and you don't
seem to give a shit. Suddenly
you're smoking, drinking, acting
like a man with something to
hide... I don't know who bought
you, Jon, or what they're after.
But retired or not, I'm going to
find out.

CASTOR

Pity Washington couldn't find an
emeritus position for a man with
your keen eye. Okay, I have a
confession to make. But you
aren't gonna like it...

(wraps arm
around neck)

I'm Castor Troy.

LAZARRO

-- I don't understand...

Castor suddenly jabs his fist into Lazarro's chest. The
Admiral pleads for mercy as Castor pounds and pounds away
at his heart -- until it finally seizes up.

Lazarro twitches in a death throe, then slumps to the
ground.

CASTOR

Now you understand.

He punches up the intercom button.

CASTOR

Cancel my four o'clock.

(beat)

And Kim, send for the paramedics.
Victor Lazarro's having a heart
attack.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: (2)

182

Castor fixes himself a shot of mescal. He checks his watch -- as if counting -- then kneels beside Lazarro's body.

The door flies open -- and two paramedics rush in. They see Castor vigorously pumping Lazarro's chest -- "applying" CPR.

CASTOR

Darn it, Admiral, fight! Fight,
gosh darn you!

The medics gently nudge Castor aside. One medic takes Lazarro's pulse, then shakes his head.

183 INT. FBI MORGUE - DAY

183

A morgue attendant opens a slide drawer and pulls out a sheet-covered body.

CASTOR

Get out.

Once alone, Castor forces himself to pull the sheet away, revealing Pollux's corpse. Burying his grief and anger, he leans over and touches Pollux's cold, colorless forehead.

184 EXT. CITY - DAY

184

LAPD choppers circle... squad cars prowl... cops and FBI agents set up roadblocks.

185 EXT. DOWNTOWN - BROADWAY - DAY

185

Skirting a roadblock, Archer appears to be coming undone... wobbly, wild-eyed... he suddenly picks up a trash can and carries it down the street in front of his face.

Pedestrians gawk at this madman. What's he doing?

Archer finally stops in front of a sporting goods store. He swings the trash can. Smash! The store's WINDOW SHATTERS. An ALARM BLARES.

Passersby stare at Archer for a moment -- stunned. Then several youths leap into the window and start pulling merchandise out of the store.

Mayhem as others join in... clerks rush out to do battle.

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

185

An LAPD squad car hauls up onto the curb. A cop leaps out and chases as the looters scatter.

The driver stands at his door, radio in hand. Sensing something, he turns -- as Archer yanks something from the cop's utility belt.

Before the cop can react -- Archer sprays him in the face from the canister of Comply-Gas. The cop gags and sags. Archer quickly slips behind the wheel.

Inside: Archer hits a switch -- the car's tinted windows darken automatically, obscuring him from the outside. He HITS the GAS -- SCREAMING away.

186 EXT. STREET - DAY

186

Archer slows the squad car.

Up ahead: Parked cop cars block both lanes of the main road -- a roadblock checkpoint for all traffic.

Archer pulls off the road, out of sight. He flips open the portacomp and starts to type rapidly.

187 ON SCREEN

187

The computer registers a priority alert from Commander Jon Archer.

188 INT. FBI - DAY

188

A DISPATCHER's SCANNER CLICKS to life.

DISPATCHER

All units. I have a confirmed
code zero-zero priority alert.
Proceed at once to Parthenia
Street Terminal. That's Parthenia
at Nordoff.

189 QUICK SHOTS

189

A) MOTORPOL

Tac squads pile into armored Jeeps.

B) HELIPORT

Choppers lift off and veer east.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED:

189

C) ARCHER'S HOUSE

The surveillance CARS ROAR away.

190 EXT. ROADBLOCK - DAY

190

Archer watches as the checkpoint of cop cars pulls apart and screams east on the main road -- passing Archer. Once the armada is gone, he pulls out and heads west.

191 EXT. ARCHER HOME - BACK YARD - DAY

191

A plank in the fence swings aside as Archer slips into the yard. He peers out from behind the garage.

Lars sits in a lawn chair, tuning a POLICE-BAND RADIO.

Archer approaches the bird feeder -- which is in Lars's eyeline. Quietly, he sticks his hand inside -- and searches for the key.

Just when he grabs it -- CAW-CAW -- an annoying BLUEBIRD hovers over Archer. Lars looks over, annoyed -- but Archer is gone. All Lars sees is the bird.

192 INT. FBI - BULLPEN - DAY

192

Castor enters. Wanda is shocked to see him.

WANDA

Commander, what are you doing here?

CASTOR

Where should I be?
(looks around)
Where's everyone else?

WANDA

Backing you up! Didn't you track Castor to the Parthenia Street Terminal?

CASTOR

What?

WANDA

You radioed in your personal security code. Nobody knows that code but you.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

192

CASTOR

Obviously someone else knows it!
Get everybody back to their
posts -- now!

193 INT. ARCHER HOME - SUNSET

193

Archer tiptoes through the house -- listening. He sees
Lunt sitting at the dining room table, cleaning his
pistol.

He slips upstairs -- toward the sound of RUNNING WATER.

194 MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

194

Archer walks in and steps toward the bathroom -- passing
the bed. He stops. On top of the rumpled covers: Eve's
nightgown and a pair of Castor's black briefs.

Overwhelmed, he sits down -- not noticing the water has
stopped. Eve steps in from the bathroom.

ARCHER

Eve...

The look of horror on her face snaps him back to reality.
She runs, but Archer grabs her. She struggles --
fighting and kicking him -- but somehow he keeps her
mouth covered.

ARCHER

I'm not going to hurt you. Just
don't scream, okay?
(off no response)
Okay?

She finally nods and he eases off her. Her face betrays
her utter fear -- and her building anger.

EVE

I know you -- you're the one who
called. You're Castor Troy. You
killed my son --

ARCHER

-- I called, but I'm not Castor.
I'm your husband.

Archer holds onto her as she struggles again.

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED:

194

ARCHER

This time you're going to listen.
Last week -- we were in bed -- we
had a fight after you touched my
scar. I told you I had to go
away.

(beat)

My assignment -- Jon Archer's
assignment -- was to enter a
federal prison as Castor
Troy.

Eve is startled by this intimate information but she
reveals nothing. SIRENS approach the house, the cops are
returning. She keeps an eye on the door. Playing for
time.

EVE

How did he expect to do that.

ARCHER

An F.B.I. surgeon gave me Castor's
face. He handled the transplant,
the vocal implant, everything.
But somehow Castor came out of his
coma -- and killed everyone who
knew about the mission. But not
before he was transformed into me.

The back DOOR CLICKS open. A voice booms out.

LARS (O.S.)

Dr. Archer, are you okay?

ARCHER

If you need hard evidence, get it.
Your husband's blood type is O
negative. Castor's is AB.

Archer glances at the balcony -- as FOOTSTEPS CLOMP up
the stairs. Eve is about to answer -- or scream. But
then...

ARCHER

Remember the parachute dream? I'm
falling, Eve... I'm falling...

The blood drains from her face as... Archer slips over
the balcony and disappears.

195 INT. STUDY - LATER

195

Eve is at the computer -- dazed and distracted. She snaps alert on hearing Castor enter and address the twins.

CASTOR (O.S.)

You two, make your rounds. And tell those cops to stay off the lawn...

Eve feigns interest in her laptop as Castor enters. She tenses as he starts massaging her back.

CASTOR

You're all in knots. Maybe another date night will help you relax...

EVE

Not tonight... I'm way behind in my Continuing Ed.

He studies Eve, then grasps her firmly by the shoulders.

CASTOR

You think I've been acting strange. Like a completely different person.

EVE

-- Yes.

CASTOR

Okay, I have a confession to make. But you aren't going to like it...

Castor wraps his hands around her slender neck...

CASTOR

... I read your diary. I've been trying to change -- trying to be more like the man you want me to be.

Eve reacts to the explanation. There is a logic to it.

CASTOR

-- And to prove it, I'm taking you and Jamie away on a trip -- right after the memorial service.

EVE

-- What memorial service?

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

CASTOR

Victor Lazarro had a heart
seizure... right in my office. It
was horrible...

EVE

Oh my God...

Castor pours it on -- feigning immense grief.

CASTOR

First Tito... now Victor...
(holds her tight)
... please don't tell me I'm going
to lose you, too...

EVE

(returns the embrace)
Of course not.

196 INT. ARCHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

196

Castor slumbers fitfully. Suddenly, his shoulder
twitches, rousing him. He looks up to find Eve reading
beside him.

CASTOR

What was that?

EVE

What was what?

CASTOR

Something bit me.

EVE

Probably a mosquito -- I'll close
the window.

Eve rubs Castor's shoulder blade until he falls asleep.
She gets up, closes the window, then goes into the
bathroom.

197 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

197

Eve takes a breath, then produces a Lancet from her
pocket.

She squeezes the lancet -- and a drop of blood splashes
into a glass vial -- Castor's blood.

198 EXT. ARCHER HOME - NIGHT

198

As Eve gets the key in her car door -- a hand grabs her.
She stifles a scream -- then sees... two COPS.

COP

-- Sorry, Dr. Archer. Where are
you going at this hour?

EVE

There's been an emergency at the
hospital.

COP

Sorry, ma'am, but one of us will
have to escort you.

EVE

Fine...

(to the other Cop)

But please don't wake my
husband... he's exhausted.

199 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

199

Nothing happening here at 4 A.M. Nothing indeed. The
bored Cop keeps watch outside -- as Eve hustles in.

200 INT. HOSPITAL - EVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

200

Eve paces anxiously as the BLOOD ANALYZER CLICKS away.

EVE

Please be O-neg. Please...

The MACHINE STOPS CLICKING. It reads "Male -- Type AB."
She buries her face in her hands -- completely stunned.

ARCHER (O.S.)

Thanks for believing me.

Archer emerges from the darkness of her office -- but Eve
pulls a pistol -- aiming with calm authority.

ARCHER

What are you doing? Where did you
get that gun?

EVE

I took it from my fake husband.

ARCHER

Why point it at me? I'm the real
thing.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED:

200

EVE

I don't know that. Maybe Jon's
already dead.

ARCHER

What more proof do you need?

EVE

Tell me... tell me about the all-
night dentist.

As Archer speaks -- Eve looks into his eyes -- searching
beyond their color.

ARCHER

... Eighteen years ago I took a
date out for chicken and ribs --
not knowing she was a vegan. When
the night couldn't get worse --
she broke her tooth on a pebble
that got into her three-bean
salad. Somehow she and I had fun
driving around looking for an all-
night dentist...

Eve puts the gun down, fighting off tears.

ARCHER

And even though it must have hurt
-- you still kissed me.

EVE

Christ, Jon. How could you put us
in his position? Do you know --
do you know what he did to me...?

ARCHER

Whatever happened, whatever he did
-- I know it's my fault and I know
I can never make it up to you --

She pulls herself together -- regaining her composure.

EVE

But you're damn well going to try.
(a beat)
First -- how are we going to get
you out of this?

201 INT. ARCHER HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

201

Castor wakes up and finds Eve gone. His eyes narrow as
he touches the mosquito bite -- the one that isn't there.

202 INT. HOSPITAL - EVE'S OFFICE - DAWN

202

Eve sifts through the supply cabinet and finds a yellow vial.

EVE

This will knock him out for hours.

ARCHER

Good. What's his schedule tomorrow?

EVE

He doesn't tell me anymore than you ever did... All I know is, after Victor's memorial service, he's taking Jamie and me away...

ARCHER

And neither of you will be coming back. Where's the service?

EVE

Saint Mary's-by-the-sea.

Archer reacts... the irony's not lost on him.

ARCHER

... Plenty of cover, tough to secure... it's my best bet.

EVE

What are you going to do?

ARCHER

Hit him with a trunk dart. Once he's unconscious -- I'll try to get to Buzz and Wanda before the security team gets to me.

EVE

What else can I do?

ARCHER

Think up a good excuse. I don't want you or Jamie anywhere near that service.

EVE

I can cover for Jamie. But if I'm not there, he'll suspect something...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED:

202

EVE (CONT'D)

(as Archer
considers)

The second you make your move, all
hell's going to break loose. If
I'm there beside him -- I can take
charge. I'm his wife, remember?

(a beat)

There's no way around it -- for
once, you need me.

Archer looks into her eyes -- the regrets flooding over.

ARCHER

I've always needed you...

They embrace... soaking up each other's warmth.

EVE

Jon -- what are the odds?

ARCHER

Terrible. But it's the best we
can do with what we have.

(a beat)

If it doesn't happen, take Jamie
and don't look back...

EVE

It'll happen.

FOOTSTEPS approach -- they break their embrace.

ARCHER

Do doctors travel in packs?

EVE

Only when we're golfing.

203 INT. CORRIDOR - DAWN

203

Castor and the twins round the bend -- just in time to
see the door to the burn ward close.

204 INT. BURN WARD - DAWN

204

Eve quickly wraps gauze around a patient's head -- when
Castor and his boys rush in, guns leveled.

EVE

Jon! What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED:

204

CASTOR

That's what you're going to explain to me.

EVE

Didn't the police tell you? There was an emergency.

Lars starts pulling at the patient's bandages.

EVE

Jon -- stop it! Mr. Alandro is very ill!

CASTOR

Not as ill as he's going to be...

He blanches as Lars reveals a scarred burn victim -- Mr. Alandro. Eve is livid as she attends to the patient.

CASTOR

Sorry. But what's a guy to think when his wife runs off in the middle of the night?

EVE

It's my fault. I should've woken you up before I left.

(kisses him)

Now please let me get back to work.

They leave. Eve wipes his ugly taste from her mouth.

205 EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAWN

205

Castor gets into his car as he confabs with the twins.

CASTOR

Stay here. Watch her like a hawk.

LARS

Think she knows?

CASTOR

Who cares? She's going to be dead by tonight anyway. They're all going to be dead. The wife, the kid... and the father.

206 EXT. HIGH GRASS (TOPANGA CANYON) - DAY

206

Archer waits as Sasha appears with a long case. In the b.g., Adam plays on the Ranch House porch with Dietrich and Aldo.

ARCHER

How's the boy?

SASHA

His ears are still ringing -- but
he'll be okay.

Archer opens the case. Inside is a sniper rifle.

SASHA

The truck's all gassed up.

(a beat)

Look, Caz, there'll be F.B.I.
agents all over that place. Maybe
I can talk my brother and Aldo
into helping us.

ARCHER

'Us'? No, Sasha -- believe me,
this isn't your fight.

He turns to leave -- but her look draws him back. He
kisses her -- not passionately, but nobly.

ARCHER

Thanks...

She watches him as he walks off toward the truck.

207 EXT. ARCHER'S HOME - DAY

207

Dressed in staid black, Eve joins Castor at the limo.

CASTOR

Where's Jamie?

EVE

That's what I'd like to know. She
stole fifty dollars from my purse
and took off.

Castor's eyes narrow -- trying to read Eve.

EVE

Don't act so stunned, Jon. You
know how hard it is to get that
girl into a dress.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

207

CASTOR

I'll deal with her later.

EVE

Good. Because I am fed up.

208 EXT. ST. MARY'S-BY-THE-SEA - DAY

208

The beautiful, rolling bluffs above the ocean.

209 MEMORIAL SERVICE

209

is at the bottom of the cemetery knoll. Rows of white chairs... brilliant flowers... mourners dressed in black.

Castor and Eve emerge from their limo. Eve glances around, searching for Archer. She comes eye to eye with Lars -- who is watching her every move.

210 EXT. MEMORIAL SERVICE - DAY

210

Castor and Eve sit in the front row as the ceremony begins.

PRIEST

We are here to celebrate the life of Admiral Victor Lazarro. We all know him as a man who dedicated his life to defending the peace and prosperity this nation so richly enjoys...

CASTOR

Hallelujah, brother.

PRIEST

... but not all of you know what a deeply spiritual man he was. It was the admiral's wish that his Requiem mass be performed in Latin. In Nomine Patris, et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen...

As the PRIEST begins to recite a beautiful and somber mass -- we PULL BACK.

211 CRUCIFIX - GLEAMING IN SUN

211

and anchoring the crucifix is...

(CONTINUED)

- 211 CONTINUED: 211
- HEADSTONE
- Like so many others -- except this headstone is Matthew Archer's. And hidden behind it is -- Jon Archer. Watching the service, he quickly assembles the sniper rifle.
- 212 PRIEST - INTERCUT 212
- continues the solemn ritual.
- PRIEST
... Domine, de morte aeterna, in
die illa tremenda quando caeli
movendi sunt et terra...
- 213 ARCHER 213
- fills the trunk dart with sedative.
- 214 EVE 214
- checks her watch... barely lifting her eyes away...
- Castor absently pats her knee. She's forced to return focus to the service.
- 215 ARCHER 215
- chambers the dart, twists a knob on the range finder, and carefully peers over the crucifix.
- POV THROUGH SCOPE
- Archer TRACKS THROUGH the mourners -- and FINDS Castor. As the cross-hairs neatly cube his head...
- BACK TO SCENE
- We've come full circle from Matthew's death: with Archer the sniper and Castor the target.
- 216 ANOTHER ANGLE 216
- The Priest's emotional reciting of the rites climaxes.
- PRIEST
Requiem aeternam dona eis,
Domine... Amen.

217 FULL SCREEN - TRIGGER

217

Archer's finger wraps around -- he starts to squeeze...

218 POV THROUGH SCOPE - FIGURE

218

crosses behind Castor, blocking Archer's shot. Archer's finger freezes -- as the figure turns -- hair tumbling away from her face. It's Jamie.

219 AT SERVICE

219

Eve stiffens as Jamie sits down.

JAMIE
(whispering)
Thanks anyway, Mom --
(slides her \$50)
But I wanted to be here for you...
and Dad.

Castor reads the panic on Eve's face, but says nothing. He simply takes Jamie's hand, intertwining his fingers in hers.

The honor guard steps forward, shouldering their rifles, commencing their 21-GUN SALUTE as --

220 ARCHER

220

steadies himself, re-aims the sniper rifle.

He hears MOTION behind him. Someone's coming and fast... but this is his only chance. Off-balance, Archer squeezes --

THFFFT! The SILENCED TRANK-DART explodes from the barrel.

221 FOLLOW DART

221

Screaming toward Castor's neck -- but it goes just wide. It sinks harmlessly into the grass -- unnoticed during the 21-GUN SALUTE.

222 BY HEADSTONE

222

THWUMP! Archer is cracked across the head. He slumps down, unconscious, as a silenced gun barrel gently enters his ear.

As the saluting GUNS FIRE in the b.g. -- we don't know when, or if, this pistol fires...

223 AT SERVICE

223

The honor guard wraps up the flag from Lazarro's coffin and presents it to Mrs. Lazarro. Fearful, Eve chances a glance around -- wondering what's gone wrong...

Castor touches his earphone... getting a message... an important message.

CASTOR
(into headset)
Lars -- take Jamie, bring the car
around, then meet me in the
sacristy...

Guests meet and greet as they head for their cars. Eve seizes the moment and steps over to Wanda and Buzz.

EVE
Wanda -- I need to talk to you.

WANDA
(reads her face)
Sure... what's wrong?

But then Eve looks past Wanda -- and sees Lars looking at her -- tightening his "friendly" grip on Jamie's shoulder.

EVE
Never mind --

CASTOR
(leads her away)
Excuse us. We're going inside to
light a candle for the dearly
departed...

Wanda and Buzz watch as they head up toward the church...

224 INT. CHURCH - DAY

224

Dim, peaceful... deserted. Castor hustles Eve through the main church nave and into the...

225 SACRISTY

225

Castor locks the door behind him. Lunt is there -- standing over Archer. He's alive, but barely. Eve gasps.

CASTOR
Look who we caught creeping around
-- Castor Troy.

(CONTINUED)

225 CONTINUED:

225

EVE

Why is he here?

CASTOR

Before I turn him in, I thought
we'd pay him back for everything
he's put us through...

Castor starts kicking Archer. Over and over in the gut.

CASTOR

Come on, baby. Join the fun --

Eve can't stand it. She charges Castor -- but he
immediately subdues her.

CASTOR

Too bad. Part of me was hoping
you didn't know.

He throws her down beside Archer. She clings to him.

CASTOR

Did you really think it would be
that easy, you dumb fuck? The
boys wanted to just kill you and
make your body disappear. But I
had a better plan. One that would
tie up all the loose ends.

(beat)

Here I am -- attending the funeral
of my mentor -- when something
goes terribly wrong. Eluding
security, Castor Troy -- that's
you, Jon -- attacks. I kill
you -- but too late. You've
already murdered my beloved wife
and daughter. And the last three
people who could expose me are
dead.

ARCHER

Leave them out of this. This is
between you and me.

CASTOR

It was between you and me. Even
your little boy -- that wasn't
supposed to happen. But you
couldn't let it go.

ARCHER

No father could.

(CONTINUED)

225 CONTINUED: (2)

225

CASTOR

Appealing to my sense of 'family'
won't work, Jon. I thought you
knew me better than that.

Archer notices Lunt standing by the wrought-iron floor
lamp. He snakes his foot around the cord... then plays
for time.

ARCHER

I know some things that even you
don't know, Caz. You have a son.
I've met him. His name is Adam...

CASTOR

I imagine I've got a dozen kids --
so what?

(cocks pistol)

No more head games... First your
wife dies. Then your daughter.
Then you.

Castor smiles. Archer's about to topple the heavy
lamp.... but stops. There's a KNOCK on the door.

CASTOR

Bring her in. Just one big happy
family...

But Lunt slowly back-pedals. Three people force him
inside -- machine-pistols poised.

CASTOR

Dietrich -- Aldo -- Sasha?

DIETRICH

That's right, Commander. Now drop
it.

No options. Castor drops his pistol to the floor.

226 EXT. CHURCH - SIDE ENTRANCE - DAY

226

Lars and Jamie pull up in the car. Lars listens to his
headset -- knows something is wrong.

LARS

Wait here...

227 INT. CHURCH - SACRISTY - DAY

227

Sasha's at Archer's side.

(CONTINUED)

227

CONTINUED:

227

SASHA

Caz -- are you okay?

CASTOR

You're making a mistake. I'm
Castor -- he's Archer. Sasha,
baby -- just give me a minute to
explain!

SASHA

That's pathetic, Commander. But
then, your terrible sense of humor
is legendary.

ALDO

(cocks gun)

It's pay-back time.

Aldo aims at Castor when BOOM! He's blown apart.

Lars charges in -- BLASTING.

Archer reels in the floor lamp to him as...

Lunt dives for Aldo's fallen machine-pistol. Archer
swings the heavy iron -- whacking the thug across the
head.

Castor scoops up his pistol but Eve kicks him hard in the
balls. He doubles over.

Archer snatches away the machine-pistol. Staggered --
Lunt is quickly riddled by Dietrich.

Castor and Lars blaze at the now-scattering intruders --
driving them back in to the main church nave.

ARCHER

Find Jamie and get help!

Eve crawls through the FUSILLADE toward the exit.

228

EXT. MEMORIAL SERVICE - DAY

228

Among the last to leave -- Buzz and Wanda snap alert.
Over the CRASHING of the WAVES -- did Wanda hear
something?

229

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

229

Eve rushes to the car -- it's empty. Jamie is gone.

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED:

229

EVE

Jamie? Jamie!

BULLETS SHRED the STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS behind her.

230 INT. CHURCH - NAVE - DAY

230

Barricaded behind the heavy altar, Castor and Lars BLAST Sasha. She drops. Archer FIRES at the suspended crucifix. The enormous cross falls -- pulverizing Lars.

Archer leans beside the mortally-wounded Sasha.

SASHA

... Help Adam... don't let him end
up like us...

She dies in his arms. Wounded, Dietrich crawls over.
Seeing his sister, Dietrich rises in horror...

DIETRICH

Sasha -- !

BOOM BOOM BOOM! Castor wastes Dietrich. Archer BLASTS
back -- driving Castor outside. Archer pursues.

231 EXT. CHURCH GROUNDS - DAY

231

Eve runs smack into Wanda and Buzz -- they're on the run.

WANDA

We heard gunshots -- where's the
Commander?

EVE

Wanda, I've got to tell you
something. Something crazy...

232 EXT. CHURCH GARDEN - DAY

232

Archer emerges into the plant and statue-filled maze.
Silently checking his clip, he discards the empty gun.

Castor moves stealthily through the narrow paths. He
hears the RUSTLING of BRANCHES from a planter of trees.

BOOM! Castor FIRES -- blowing apart bark and branches.
He advances toward the planter, gun ready, when Archer
appears behind him and follows -- one step, two steps --
until --

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED:

232

Castor stops -- then whirls as Archer leaps.

The men collapse hard. Castor's pistol clatters across the terrace toward the planter of trees.

Archer and Castor brutally strangle each other -- digging their fingers deep into their throats. They throttle each other so hard, Archer's larynx vocal chip is dislodged.

His voice changes, echoing with garbled, robotic static.

ARCHER

Give up, Castor. People are going to find out.

CASTOR

Not if I kill you first.

They scramble for the gun -- but a hand reaches out from the juniper trees and picks it up. Archer and Castor stop dead in their tracks because --

Jamie appears, holding the pistol.

CASTOR

Give it here, Jamie.

ARCHER

No, Jamie. Don't do it!

Everybody gawks -- because Archer and Castor are now...

Both speaking in Archer's true voice.

And nobody is more confused than Jamie.

ARCHER

Listen to my voice, Jamie. I'm your father.

CASTOR

It's a trick, Jamie. I'm your father.

Jamie swings the gun back and forth -- baffled.

CASTOR

Shoot him, Jamie.

ARCHER

Jamie...

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED: (2)

232

CASTOR

Shoot him!

Jamie FIRES. Archer reels -- as a slug grazes his shoulder. Castor snatches the pistol from Jamie's hand.

CASTOR

You idiot. No kid of mine would miss so badly.

He aims the gun at Archer's head.

WANDA (O.S.)

Hold it.

Wanda and Buzz have burst onto the terrace -- their guns leveled. Eve and more agents are right behind.

CASTOR

Just saving the taxpayers the cost of a trial. So take a hike.

WANDA

You're both under arrest until a D.N.A. test proves who's who.

CASTOR

I'm ordering you to back off!

Several agents waver -- unsure. But not Wanda and Buzz.

WANDA

Put the gun down --

BUZZ

-- Now!

CASTOR

(beat)

Can't blame me for trying.

He grabs a shocked Jamie -- shoving the gun under her chin.

Archer struggles to his feet as --

Castor -- using Jamie as a shield -- backs out the gate to the garden. Archer follows -- cautiously.

CASTOR

Say goodbye to Daddy --

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED: (3)

232

Jamie whips out the switchblade -- sinks it into Castor's thigh and twists. She dives away. FIRING wildly, Castor staggers back through the gate.

CASTOR (O.S.)

You ungrateful delinquent!

233 OUTSIDE GATE

233

As Castor turns and staggers away -- he runs smack into a confused security AGENT.

AGENT

Commander -- ?

Castor answers by PLUGGING him -- then taking his Uzi.

234 GARDEN

234

Archer and Eve make sure Jamie's okay?

JAMIE

(to Archer)

Who are you? Will someone please tell me what's going on?

Archer rushes to the gate and hauls it open.

235 EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

235

Castor limps down the bluff, toward the --

236 MARINA

236

Alive with sunbathers and yachters.

237 EXT. MARINA - DAY

237

Castor hustles along the boat-slip until he finds what he's looking for --

Twin Cigarette boats -- racing boats -- being tuned up by their suntanned crews. He jumps into one of the boats.

BOAT CAPTAIN

Hey -- !

Without even looking, Castor shoots the guy dead. In a flash -- Castor THROTTLES up the BOAT. He sees --

(CONTINUED)

237

CONTINUED:

237

CASTOR'S POV

Archer running down the dock toward the adjoining boat.

BACK TO SCENE

Castor FIRES -- peppering the dock.

Archer dives -- knocking the second boat captain to safety. He grabs the captain's ignition keys and rolls into the boat -- FIRING at Castor.

Castor's hit! A slug grazes his shoulder. He HITS the THROTTLE -- taking off.

238

ARCHER

238

FIRES UP the second BOAT -- in pursuit.

Castor BLASTS back at him -- SHATTERING Archer's WINDSHIELD.

239

CIVILIAN BOAT

239

Speeds toward them. Castor rams it, sending it into a spin.

Archer can't avoid it. He hits its bow, sending his own boat flying --

WHAM! It impacts hard on Castor's circling boat.

240

ANOTHER ANGLE

240

Running parallel, Archer and Castor blast at each other at point-blank range. Their boats smash and pound each other.

A police boat closes in on them.

Archer and Castor circle around it -- Castor FIRING the whole time -- obliterating the crew and boat.

Archer and Castor resume their battering... approaching --

241

OIL BARGE

241

Castor maneuvers Archer's boat into its path.

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED:

241

Archer leaps onto the bow of Castor's boat as --
KA-BOOM! Archer's boat crashes into the oil tank.

242 ANOTHER ANGLE

242

Castor swerves wildly, trying to throw Archer off.
Archer watches in horror as Castor reaches for another clip.
Archer lets go of his hold. He flies back, hitting --
Castor square in the chest. The gun flies out of his hand. Castor grabs the anchor -- swings it and --
WHUNK! It sinks into the deck beside Archer. Reeling, Archer retreats. Castor manages to get the chain around Archer's neck.
Archer headbutts Castor -- he reels. Archer throws off the chain and attacks. They start fighting.
Archer manages to get the chain around Castor's leg. Castor falls over -- plunging toward the water.
Archer tries to hold Castor up... as the boat speeds toward a...

243 PIER

243

Archer yanks Castor back onto the deck as the BOAT ROARS between the pier's pilings.

244 ANOTHER ANGLE

244

WHAM! The boat smashes into rocks as it runs aground.
Archer and Castor go flying. The boat upends and burns.

245 EXT. BEACH - DAY

245

Archer and Castor lie dazed... then stir. Castor sees the pistol lying half-buried... he reaches for it.
But --

Archer gets it first. He aims it at Castor as they rise.

(CONTINUED)

CASTOR

You won't shoot me, Jon. I'm unarmed...

ARCHER

Okay, I have a confession to make... but you aren't gonna like it...

(beat)

You're right, I won't shoot you. Not in the face anyway.

BOOM -- Archer SHOOTS Castor in the chest! He jerks and reels -- dropping to his knees. He looks at Archer in total disbelief. Then he sinks to the ground and lies still.

Exhausted, Archer lets the empty gun drop. Then he turns and sees an FBI chopper heading his way. Relieved, he turns back to Castor, but -- Castor's body is gone!

Castor is crawling toward the flipped boat's spinning stabilizing screw. Archer FIRES -- hitting Castor in the leg. He buckles... but keeps going.

Archer leaps on him -- they struggle as Castor tries to bury his face on the spinning blade.

CASTOR

It'll never be over, Jon... every time you look in the mirror... you'll see my face...

They struggle as the propeller blade gets closer, closer -- slicing into "Archer's" cheek. At the last instant...

Archer reaches the anchor-chain. He wraps it around the screw -- stopping the whirling blades.

Castor finally sinks to the ground -- and no longer moves.

Archer takes Castor's hand -- trying to tug off his wedding ring. Just when he almost has it off -- Castor suddenly grabs Archer's wrist and holds it tight.

Eye contact between the two men. Castor smirks, his grasp slackening... as he finally fades away. Archer lets Castor's hand drop, then slides the ring on his own finger.

246 ANOTHER ANGLE

246

The chopper lands. Buzz and Wanda rush over.

BUZZ

You okay, Commander?

ARCHER

What did you call me?

WANDA

He called you 'commander',
Commander.

Archer finally realizes -- they actually mean him. He smiles -- Jon Archer's long lost smile.

247 EXT. SHIPYARD - SUNSET

247

FBI med-teams strap Archer onto a gurney. Castor's inert body is beside him.

EVE

Hang on, Jon... they're bringing
in their top surgical team from
D.C...

ARCHER

(re Castor)
How is he?

EVE

No life signs at all. He's a
turnip.

ARCHER

That's what they always say...

He passes out as the FBI medics load him onto the med-evac chopper. Wanda prevents Eve from climbing aboard.

WANDA

I'm sorry, Eve. You can't come.
(to Buzz)
Take her home.

EVE

But he's my husband!

WANDA

But he works for us.

Wanda gets on the med-evac chopper; it lifts off, leaving a furious Eve and a confused Jamie behind.

(CONTINUED)

247 CONTINUED:

247

JAMIE

Will Dad be Dad again?

EVE

I hope so, honey.

JAMIE

And you guys say my life is
screwed up...

In the swirl of dust, they watch the chopper fly away.

248 INT. ARCHER'S HOUSE - DAY

248

Maybe days, maybe weeks later -- no way to tell. Eve is
at the dining room table, catching up on medical reports.Sensing something, she looks up and sees a silhouette at
the front screen door -- a man's silhouette.

ARCHER (O.S.)

Hello, Eve.

Pulse pounding, Eve frantically pushes open the door to
glimpse the face of the man with Archer's voice.It's Jon Archer. Eve stares -- then touches his face
carefully, tenderly -- around the tiny residual scar.
Then, she pulls him tight -- holding on for dear life.

JAMIE (O.S.)

Dad?

Jamie is there. Archer smiles -- gently, almost sadly --
with a softness and genuineness that Castor Troy could
never feel, could never fake.She rushes to him. The whole family hangs on, hugging
and kissing -- for the first time ever, really together.

JAMIE

I'm sorry I shot you, Dad. Am I
grounded?Archer smiles and holds her tighter. But as they draw
Archer inside, he hesitates.

ARCHER

I have something to ask you -- to
ask both of you...

He steps aside -- revealing Castor's son.

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED:

248

ARCHER

This is Adam. He needs a place to live... just for a little while.

Eve looks at Archer -- she sees what this means to him and, what the hell, there's plenty of time now to talk.

249 EXT. ARCHER'S HOME - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY

249

As the family heads inside, the door closes, shutting us out.

DISSOLVE TO:

250 INT. MATTHEW'S OLD ROOM - NIGHT

250

Archer gives Adam an old teddy bear -- rocking the child until he finally drifts off into dreamland.

251 INT. JAMIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

251

Archer watches Jamie sleep. He draws the comforter over her -- and she stirs, and pulls it in tighter.

252 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

252

Archer and Eve get undressed... and it's a little awkward.

EVE

How was your first day back?

ARCHER

You want the highlights?

EVE

I'd love the highlights.

ARCHER

I fired a prison guard. Returned a stolen police car. Made amends to my secretary and about a hundred other people. Oh, and I got a promotion. I'm going to be West Coast Director. It's a desk job.

EVE

Really?

(CONTINUED)

252 CONTINUED:

252

ARCHER

Really. I want my life back.

He takes her into his arms.

EVE

You know what I want?

(as they kiss)

A good night's sleep...

And they kiss again. And they fall asleep in each other's arms. And they live happily ever after... perhaps.

FADE OUT.

THE END